

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 2.]

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1825.

[VOL. 4, N. S.]

RETROSPECT OF THE EFFORTS AND PROGRESS OF MANKIND DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

[SEE PAGE 17.]

ENGLAND.

BUT, whatever pain the fate of those three illustrious nations must cause us, let us not," says M. de Sismondi, "despair of the human race:—do not let us despair of these very nations. The aggregate of mankind advances, whilst these recede. It will continue to advance, and ultimately draw them also into its course.

"And, first, England alone," continues our liberal panegyrist, "may suffice to reanimate our hopes:—England! which has nobly placed itself at the head of those who are advancing in the march of human intellect!—England! which teaches us how the development of liberty may be united with morality and the cultivation of the mind; and with all its ancient institutions, and its deep-rooted habits of subordination. Do not let us listen to morose satirists—men who, amidst a thousand shining qualities, can only find out faults; neither let us listen to those, who, mistaking their jealousy for patriotism, think to exalt France by abasing its rival. We have profited very little from the events of which we have been witnesses, if we have not learnt that the nations have ceased to be rivals—that we have now one interest, and one only struggle:—it is with those who wish to induce us to go backward. The progress of

our neighbours is a beginning of triumph for ourselves.

"England, indeed, learnt this lesson of the age somewhat tardily. Its cabinet, attached to the old system of policy, of which many able men are yet scarcely divested, nearly lost the advantage of this ascendancy, by consulting the absurd and demoralizing maxims of rivalry. For a long time, it acted in the persuasion, that the enemies of its enemies were its friends—and saw, at Waterloo, the reins of Europe escaping from its hold. Previous to that battle, the English were the chiefs of the coalition—immediately afterwards, they were only its paymasters. The allies of twenty years gave the British Cabinet to understand, that, having no longer any occasion for its assistance, they no longer esteemed its counsels.

"Then it was, (under the weight of an enormous debt, contracted for others more than for herself—in the midst of a commercial revolution which threatened to destroy her riches,) that England showed the resources of a nation, which has never failed, at the same time, to unfold its knowledge, its liberties, and its virtues. The sceptre of Europe, which England thought she held fast, was broken in her hands; but, in its place, she seized the torch by which she has enlightened the rest of the

world. Asia, Africa and America are approaching the era of civilization—and it is to the English that they owe their progress.

“We might object to England, the excessive inequality of rank and fortune—the corruption of her elections—the growing influence of Ministers—the enormous expense of law-suits, which, in some degree, shut out the poor* from the courts of justice; but we cannot say that England loses her liberty.† We are far from denying the existence of errors. We are far from desiring the adjournment of reforms. Those which have been effected, render others still more necessary—they make the contrast more shocking between the remains of ancient barbarism and the improvements of an enlightened age. But, such as she is, England holds the first rank among nations, by the combination of liberty, knowledge and virtue—by the continued enjoyment of these advantages—by the progress which she

continues to make in them all—by that empire of opinion, which every day becomes more powerful—by that extension of national education, which diffuses knowledge among the most numerous classes of the people, which causes them to understand the interests of their country, and to act up to the dictates of reason and morality.

“Not only is England freer than she was five-and-twenty years ago, but she understands the principles of liberty much better:‡ she makes a better use of it; and she is always willing to receive more.”||

SWEDEN, &c.

The Lesser States of Europe may be more briefly dismissed. Of *Sweden*, suffice it to say—that its government, from its novelty, can only be sustained by an intimate union with the interests of the people. *Holland* is endeavouring to combine the advantages of recent experience with the exemplary remembrances of antiquity. *Switzerland*, astonished to find, that, after so many noble efforts,

* And even those of moderate fortunes; or involve them, frequently, in ruin, even by the attainment of their suits.—EDIT.

† Her liberties are, however, in a variety of insidious, and in some sufficiently open and glaring ways, invaded. Act after act is passed, abridging or abolishing some ancient constitutional right, or traditionary privilege. Fortunately at the same time, the diffusion of knowledge, at least, keeps pace with the encroachments and the pretensions of power. The sphere of intelligence is constantly and rapidly extending, in numbers as well as objects; and we have still some portion of that best modification of the sovereignty of the people,—the sovereignty of the opinion of the informed: a description now no longer confined to the opulent and privileged few; but extended, in no small degree, even to the working classes. If the mouth is less free in the choice of popular opportunities, and popular association more restrained, the press is infinitely more diffused—and opinion, thus enlightened, is a sort of paramount law. Acts of Parliament become, in some degree, dead letter, when inconsistent with the general sentiment and feeling of the nation. At least, we could enumerate several which it is never thought prudent to act upon—that have been carried rather for the name, than the exertion, of power: or which are hung up *in petto*, for a time, should it ever come, when necessity and expediency should go hand in hand for their enforcement.

New expedients are found, through the medium of this growing intelligence, in proportion as old privileges are abridged, and means are multiplied for the assertion and maintenance of our rights. The government and the people seem to run a race; in which, upon the whole, the latter contrive somehow to keep the start; and, speaking generally, it perhaps may be true, that we are advancing, rather than retrograding, in actual liberty. Nor is it more than justice to say, that, at least, several of the members of the Government seem actuated by liberal principles, upon many important points, which, though they have not popular liberty for their object, cannot fail, eventually, to conduct towards that goal.—EDIT.

‡ This, at least, is a great and cogent truth; and that, which a nation understands, she will ultimately attain.—EDIT.

|| We have taken no liberties with the passage that relates to England. We wish our countrymen to see how a writer in a French Review can speak of our once calumniated and hostile country; and that writer no less a star in the hemisphere of Gallic literature than J. C. L. de Sismondi.—EDIT.

she has slumbered for five generations, is also awakened to a progressive movement. But it is not, perhaps, desirable that we should show wherein the weak have the vantage-ground of the strong; or how much their example proves that liberty, knowledge and virtue are intimately connected; and that, when one develops itself, the progress of the two others is inevitable. They can ill defend themselves against the jealousy and the hostility their example is calculated to awaken. The evil eye of Austria is already on the free institutions of the Swiss Cantons. Even their simple poverty cannot be regarded without envious rancour. They are republican:—a sound ungracious to the ears of retrograding despotism.

RUSSIA.

Even the colossus, which stretches its oppressive stride over Europe, is itself in a state of progression.

Russia beholds not only the number of its inhabitants daily increasing, with astonishing rapidity; but their riches, their knowledge, their moral feelings, and even their rights, extending also. In the state of absolute barbarism and ignorance in which this nation was plunged, it could not, all at once, enjoy the prerogative of a civilized community. Precipitation, in the concession of privileges, would have been dangerous to the people. But this is a reproach which few governments will merit. Nevertheless, instruction spreads rapidly in *Russia*, and the government favours it; the nobility co-operate, by their patronage, by their reading, and by their travels, in the progress of Europe. The peasantry, in their turn, have been enlightened by a collision which could not fail to awaken their sluggish sensibilities. They have spread over Europe as soldiers, and learned to estimate the advantages enjoyed by more civilized people. On their return to their fire-sides, they brought with them thousands of French, Italian, and German prisoners, who filled their ears with the name of liber-

ty; while the government, on the other hand, by a hazardous experiment, in its military colonies, constituted a class who not only had rights, but have the strength that may render them available.

Morality ought to keep pace with the promulgation of knowledge. It is, without doubt, in this respect that the Russians are most backward; but if the gradual emancipation of the people proceed, the time is not far distant when the civil, military and judicial administration of *Russia* will cease to be the most corrupt and mercenary, and the population the most demoralized in the universe.

In spite of its internal progress, *Russia* has frequently employed its strength and credit to aid and hasten the retrograde movement amongst other people. False policy has misled them; and powers more advanced in the career of knowledge than they, have not been exempt from the same mistake. Civilization may not, for some time, be complete in the Russian armies; but the progress, alone, of its strength, ought to be considered as a foundation for the hopes of humanity: for this progress indicates, also, that of liberty and morals. The time is not far distant when the Russians will become really an European nation; and when they will no longer employ themselves in destroying every thing that is connected with the knowledge and liberty, and, therefore, with the virtue of mankind.—A time, however, to which England ought to look forward, not with the jealousy of prevention (if that were practicable), but with the wisdom of preparation: and, chiefly, by assisting, in all possible ways, the freedom and civilization of other nations. Every nation—every people that *Russia*, by position or circumstance, can menace, if free and independent, is, operatively, the ally of England; and the time must come, when *Russia* will be the rival of England, even on her favourite element.—Already her influence preponderates in the politics of the continent; and it does so in consequence of the dependance

and thralldom of those states which England ought to have preserved, while she had yet the power, from being compelled to retrograde from the course of Liberty and Independence.

GREECE.

But Greece is also a part of Europe. It is becoming once more an interesting and important part. That glorious Greece, which, groaning for centuries under the most degrading and cruel oppression, first sought for *virtue* in the sacrifice of every interest to the preservation of Christianity; and for *knowledge*, by intercourse with European nations; and which must owe its *liberty* to the influence of both;—Greece makes us feel that the days of heroism are not yet gone; and that the feeblest nations, when firm and determined, are “masters of their fates.”

What then would those persons have whose wishes are hostile to Greece? Do they wish the encouragement of apostacy? The Turks, to be sure, recompense the apostate, by according to him the pardon of his crimes, the inheritance of the Christian family whom he defrauds (as we did formerly the apostate—*convert* was our more orthodox term—from Catholicism in Ireland!) and admitting him to honour and power. Do our Christian potentates desire that the sons and daughters of the Christian Greeks should still be at the mercy of the Turks?—the victims of their shameful debauches!—that the only privilege accessible to the descendants of those, to whom we are indebted for all that still kindles our energies and awakens our intellectual emulation, should be, what has been so long reserved to the Fanariotes—power bought by perfidy, exercised for pillage, and soon lost in the fatal snares of treachery, or strangled in the bowstring? Do they desire that Grecian commerce, the only mean for the acquisition of wealth in Greece, should continue to be polluted by the rapacity and perfidy with which they themselves so loudly reproach the

Grecian character; but to which, the excess of oppression has alone reduced, and from which their liberation can alone redeem them? Do they wish that the only resource of the heroism of that once-glorious people should continue to be their becoming *klephts*, or robbers? and that all distinction between just and unjust, should be eradicated from their hearts, by the mercenary spirit of Turkish tribunals? Is this the moral and intellectual state which they would preserve and perpetuate in the land of Themistocles, Aristides and Epaminondas!

The Grecians are the most ingenious people upon the earth; but, since they have been crushed, by the government they are now endeavouring to destroy, they have not added one mite to the common stock of civilization, science and discovery—to the general treasury of arts or literature; and the world is impoverished by all the sum of intellect and ingenuity, which their long-continued oppression has been permitted to prevent them from contributing.—But how should Greece do any thing for the common progress of the human race? We prevent its becoming civilized!—we shut it out from the lights of intelligence and morality!—we do not allow it to profit by the knowledge, which, to the least and last of us, is laid open in the glorious expanse of liberty!

But, perhaps, to virtue and intellect, those first prerogatives of our species, the friends of the Turks prefer more solid advantages—such as peace and riches. But, is it the peace of Greece that they would preserve, or restore? Where the scimitar of the Mussulman reigns supreme—where a barbarous soldiery conducts itself, as, for four hundred years, it has conducted itself, as the rapacious scourge of an enslaved people; where great, and once wealthy and populous cities are reduced to a mass of ruins, and ancient villages disappear—without new ones to replace them; where nothing is repaired, nothing rebuilt, nothing

planted, and nothing weeded—where population is wasted away to less than its twentieth part, and still continues to waste away, there is no peace. It is war, war, exterminating war, that constitutes, and has always constituted, and always would constitute, the *settled* order, the *legitimate* sway, of Turkish domination over its Grecian provinces:—War divested, indeed, of the heroism of its open daring, and of the gallantry of equal terms and equal hazard;—war with all the base and dastardly characteristics of assassination;—a war of armed and organized might against the naked and defenceless; but it is war still, in all its most deadly attributes and destructive consequences; nor ever can there be *peace* for the Grecian race but in emancipation and independence.

Certainly, we should have thought, we calumniated even the partizans of the retrograde system, in supposing them to be interested in behalf of the Turks; or that they could wish to see reduced again, to the state of the slaves of the Turkish government, those who have already half broken their chains; and yet the conduct of the great continental courts betrays but too much repugnance to the prospect of Grecian emancipation.

The cry of Europe, however, is unanimous for the deliverance of Greece; though the greater part of those who dispose of its force and its treasures refuse their aid. In only two countries of Europe—that which has the least liberty, and that which has the most, have public journals been known to advocate the cause of the Turks. As for *Beobachter* (*Der Österreichische Beobachter*, the *Austrian Observer*, published by Strauss at Vienna,) his conscience is not his own: we must not ask him for an account of his actions. In England, on the other hand, (though the reproach is far from general,) unworthy sentiments and disgraceful passions find their periodical and their diurnal channels. But it could not be otherwise. As there are men, here, as elsewhere, who desire neith-

er liberty, virtue, nor knowledge, there must also be journalists who speak for them,—such as the *New Times*, and occasionally the *Courier*. As, in the mine, spiracles are formed to give passage to the mephitic exhalations, that the miner may pursue his thrift; so the evil passions of these *political mephites* must have their vents; while wiser and more benignant agents pursue the vein, and work out the ore of truth.

But the progress of civilization is not confined to Europe alone; all the universe participates in the impulse; and in this quarter of a century the development has been prodigious.

BRITISH INDIA.

With respect to India, where, 100,000,000 of natives are kept in subjection by less than 40,000 British subjects (civil and military included,) the causes that retard and counteract the Progressive System are various and stubborn: but let us not hastily conclude that it is quite stationary, much less that even India retrogrades.

The East India Company, it is true, places itself, with its charter, as a barrier between the English nation and this its anomalous dependency. It strictly prohibits the planting of English colonies; and still, though not as absolutely as heretofore, restricts all commerce to its own monopoly: and, by the prevention of all intercourse between Britain and this vast portion of what, nevertheless, is *called* the British empire, but that which is carried on by its own agents and dependants (the subjects and vassals, removable and banishable at the pleasure of of this commercial oligarchy!) it at once precludes the English from all *direct* advantage from their immense Asiatic possessions, and India itself from those advantages of science and illumination, which it ought, at least, to receive, as some compensation for the subjugation in which it is held by a more civilized and enlightened nation.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these impediments, English intelligence is perhaps of some advantage to India. It is a lighthouse, whose rays just pierce through the mists and darkness at an immense distance—a beacon that glimmers, faintly, it is true, upon the eye, but occasionally discloses the shadows of interposing objects, and gives some idea of the course of discovery that might be pursued.

The social system in Hindostan is not much better than that of the West-Indies. But it is improving. Even the sovereign monopoly of Leadenhall Street is not entirely independent of the paramount sovereignty of popular opinion; and the merchant-kings of this vast dependency are compelled, in some degree, to listen to the voice of the English people. That voice is unanimously in favour of India—partly from the honest feeling of national liberality and benevolence, and partly from the jealousy pretty generally entertained of “the Honourable Company,” whose chartered monopoly is regarded as alike injurious to the general interests of commerce, and to the consumers of the imported produce,—the supply and price of which in the market the monopolists, it is supposed, enhance and control, in some degree, at discretion.

Certain it is, that, whatever has been done for the advantages of India, has been done through the influence of popular opinion in England: an influence that will become greater in proportion as it shall be understood that government is not a

mere enterprize of commercial speculation, in which profits and losses are to be computed by pounds, shillings and pence; but that, as between government and people, there is a reciprocation of duties; so, between a nation and its dependencies, there is a like reciprocation also: and that, as on the part of the governed, the claims of *right* are primary and predominant; so, on the part of the governors, the *duties* are most imperious.* They have a royal task—a sacred duty to fulfil.

In whatsoever manner the power may have fallen into the hands of him who exerts it, his mission is the same. He ought to employ this power entirely for the welfare of the people committed to his charge: not only for their physical welfare, and their prosperity, but for their moral and intellectual advancement. The Company is accountable to England, England is accountable to humanity, for the eighty, or a hundred millions of fellow-beings, of whose destinies it has made itself the absolute disposer. To this vast number of the human species it owes knowledge, virtue, happiness and freedom: it owes, to say the least, all the advantages of its own vaunted institutions. We do not mean to say, that this mighty duty can be discharged all at once. Time is necessary to draw the people of India from their deep degradation: but the will is necessary also; and the will of *the Company* is, that all should remain stationary. It is the will of the English Nation that must counteract this perverseness. Unfortunately, however, generally speaking, the

* This is a proposition that seems never to have been placed, with sufficient clearness, in a proper point of view. Yet nothing can be more certain, than that, as the sole legitimate object of the institution of government is the preservation of the rights of the people, the duties of the governors are absolute—those of the people only conditional. The former may be at liberty to abdicate their authority, and leave the people to choose another government: but they are not at liberty, (morally considered) to neglect their duties to the people, while they continue to hold their offices. The people, on the contrary, owe no duties to their governors, but in consideration of the duties their governors perform; and, if those duties are neglected, *morally*, they owe them none. The duties of a nation towards its dependencies are, in fact, still more imperious: for those dependencies, as they are called, are, in reality, possessions seized by fraud or violence; and the superior state has an injury to atone, as well as duties to discharge.—EDIT.

will of the Government coincides with the Company. There have been, nevertheless, some glorious exceptions, particularly during the late administration of the Marquis of Hastings.

Of the natives of subject India, the greater mass follow the worship of Brahma ;—the descendants of their former conquerors, the Moguls, are Mohamedans. Other religions are professed only by strangers. Experience has sufficiently demonstrated that both these religions are hostile to the development of the moral and intellectual faculties—to patriot feeling and the love of liberty. Even the sublimity of the abstract idea of the God of Islamism—the Spirit of power and goodness, in whose eye charity is the first duty of the faithful, is perverted by the despotism and priestcraft which have contrived to identify themselves with the religion of Mohamed ; and wherever that religion is professed, sullen fanaticism, and the hatred of all progressive knowledge, are substituted in the place of duty.

The religion of Brahma is still more fatal to the human species. It has so permanently and so pertinaciously substituted usages for virtues, that its followers have no other conception of religion and morality ; while many of its ceremonies are so disgusting and so horrible, as necessarily to banish from the heart all the sympathies of humanity : while the division into castes, and the invincible aversion and horror with which those castes regard each other, and the inveterate persuasion that all change or improvement is a sacrilege offensive to the Divinity, seem to defy all hope of progressive civilization.

Nevertheless, the English know full well, that they are not, and cannot be, invested with any power to command the religious opinions of

their Indian subjects. But their proper respect for this principle is not contrary to their duty as men and Christians—to inspire, by all practicable means, their subjects with a love of knowledge—to raise them imperceptibly from their superstitious degradation—and to prevent, by public authority, actions atrociously contrary to all moral duties and obligations.

“The English, are, at present,” says Mr Sismondi, “animated by a religious zeal, and an ardor of proselytism, of which there is no example in the history of nations ; so that their very language is rarely free from the cant, or affectation of devotion.”* The operation, however, of this proselytizing zeal is completely stopped in India, by the interest which the East India Company takes in preventing the progress of civilization and knowledge amongst its subjects : and, in 1813, a Member of Parliament connected with the India-house was not ashamed, in the House of Commons, openly to oppose all attempts for the introduction of Christianity into India, because “of the advantages of the institution of the castes, to suppress the desires of ambition, and the impatience of obedience ;” nor was he without distinguished seconders and supporters in this most anti-christian doctrine. “There is nothing in the history of the world,” exclaimed another parliamentary orator, “nor is it likely there ever should again, like the Hindoo system of castes, for keeping a people in subjection, and securing the continuance of our government,”—therefore no Christianity !!

Could humanity have conceived—could common decency have suggested—could slander have devised, or credulity itself have believed, that such doctrines have been held—such maxims avowed, in the Parliament.

* We have followed here, by close translation, the language of Mr Sismondi ; because we deem it good that we should know what so enlightened a foreigner thinks of us in this respect. In what follows, (as in several other parts), we have not scrupled to take considerable liberties, both of abbreviation and addition.

of a Christian country? Yet no vote of that Parliament marked the principle with reprobation, or gainsayed its operation; and the practice has been conformable with the theory. The spoil of India, is still more sacred than its civilization, or the diffusion of the blessings of that religion in which its rulers *profess* to believe. The gloomy superstition of Islamism, and the cruel idolatry of Brahma, continue to be cherished, that a hundred millions of souls may be kept in ignorance, servility and abasement; and, among a thousand other frightful consequences of this Moloch system, five or six hundred widows are annually burnt alive, under the very eyes, as it were, and with the tacit concurrence of the *Christian* merchant-government of British India.

But a glorious reformation, nevertheless, began to spread, during this quarter of a century, from a direction least to have been expected, among the Hindoos. Ram Mohun Roy, a Brahmin, whom those who are acquainted with India, agree in representing as one of the most virtuous and most enlightened amongst men, is endeavouring to bring his countrymen to the worship of one only God, and to the union of morality and religion. His flock is small, but it is daily increasing. He communicates to the Indians the progress which the Europeans make; and he is called, with greater justice than the missionaries, the faithful apostle of Christianity. He had undertaken a periodical publication in his language, not with any views of interest, to which his large fortune renders him superior,—but for the advancement of civilization, and in which he was encouraged by the late Governor, the Marquis of Hastings. But in the month of April 1823, Mr. Adam, the new Governor-General, in concert with the Judge of Calcutta, Macnaghten, suppressed all liberty of the press, and forced the illustrious Ram Mohun Roy to renounce his journal.

The East-India Company and the English government seem equally

desirous that the economical and political condition of the people should remain unchanged. As, in an army of 160,000 Indians, they will not permit a native of the country to be raised above the rank of a serjeant; neither will they, in the regulation of so many millions of men, ever confide the least power, either civil or political, to an Indian; and they look with mistrust upon every man who rises above the rank of a mechanic. Yet, amidst all these discouragements, man vegetates and population abounds; and while the British Isles sustain only about 17,000,000, Bengal alone, within the same territorial space, contains 30,000,000. For them, however, and the countless millions beside, who inhabit the vast and fertile regions of India, the hopes of progressive improvement, in all that should belong to man, are again obscured; and what was begun by the munificent virtue and piety of the Brahmin, Ram Mohun Roy, can be regarded only as a few seeds of promise scattered over a vast and reluctant soil. May it take root there, spring up again and germinate, and be imperishable, till, in the favoring season, it may flourish, without check or bias, and its progressive branches strike again into the earth, till, like the banian of the clime, every tree becomes a forest! Even in India, the last quarter of a century has done something in furnishing the grounds of such a hope for the progressive system.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

On this third continent (for so, from its extent, larger much than Europe, it might be called), the cradle, perhaps, of future nations, it would be premature to expatiate: but, sullied as it is by the impure materials of which its colonies are composed, its temperate clime, assisted by the quickening power of England, appears already to give promise of residence to a numerous and civilized population; and, from the refuse of jails and brothels, perhaps, may spring a race, destined to spread and improve the arts, the in-

telleet, and the virtues of Europe, over regions heretofore scarcely sprinkled with a few wretched hordes, or families, of the most degraded and least humanized savages that ever wore the form, without aspiring to the habitudes of man. Science and intellect, even now, are finding fresh resources there. Even literature has its obligations to acknowledge from the same quarter.

AFRICA.

The colonies of the *Cape of Good Hope* and *Sierra Leone*, (in spite of the political jobbing—the inherent vice which infects every project, however enlightened or benignant in its general aim, of the British Government,—which has thwarted the prosperity of the former, and of the disastrous affair with the Ashantees, which has clouded the reputation of the latter) will, by degrees, carry the knowledge, civilization and virtue, which liberty and European intelligence have fostered in the parent state, into the interior of this barbarous and benighted quarter of the globe; and retrieve the crimes which Europe, too long, has perpetrated against the Negro race. The veil is yet too thick to be distinctly penetrated by any but prophetic eyes; but “coming events” are obscurely shadowed in semblances that may at least encourage a reasonable anticipation.

HAITI.

The course followed by the new *Sable Nation*, in St. Domingo, during this portion of the age, is a subject for the greatest triumph to humanity. The sons of Africa have proved that they are men; that they have a right to freedom, because they have the capability of appreciating knowledge and virtue. Europe’s most deadly crime transported the Africans into the islands of America; a succession of crimes keeps them there, in bondage, and renders them ferocious. If they rush into crime, when breaking their chains, the responsibility rests entirely upon those who forged them.

7 ATHENEUM, VOL. 4. 2d series.

As long as slavery existed in St. Domingo, immorality and ignorance were in proportion to the absolute privation of liberty. In the islands where slavery still exists, almost all the masters openly oppose the marriage of their slaves, their conversion to Christianity, and the establishment of schools to teach them to read.

Since Haiti has become free, and the negroes have been their own masters, their ardour for instruction has been even greater than was their ardour for emancipation.—Twenty-five years have been sufficient to transform those, whom we considered brutes, into a humane and civilized nation; where schools are opening in every part; where the mind is making rapid progress; where, in spite of the climate, every year is marked by improvement, in manners, knowledge, and industry; where crime is rare; where justice is administered with promptitude and impartiality; where agriculture and commerce prosper; where riches are fast accumulating; where the population has doubled, even amidst the terrific wars which accomplished and followed the most astonishing of revolutions. This is what emancipated negroes have done in twenty-five years; whilst in the east of Europe, an all-powerful government, repelling the knowledge of its neighbours, and its own experience, has, during four centuries, held half its provinces in servitude, barbarism and poverty—because it will abjure all progress of improvement, although strength, riches and renown are proffered to the other half in dower.

SOUTH AMERICA.

But the most gigantic step which human nature has made during the last few years, is the emancipation of five great republics in America—COLOMBIA, BUENOS AYRES, CHILI, PERU and MEXICO—each surpassing in extent the space occupied by the civilization of the ancient world, three centuries ago. Already, they begin to increase in power

and riches, which may place them, ultimately, on a par with the first order of states.

In these vast regions, which, from mistaken policy, their former government retained in ignorance, barbarism and poverty, in order to ensure their obedience, every European, though of a country allied to Spain, who entered without permission, was declared guilty of a capital crime; every vessel in distress, which, driven by the tempest, sought an asylum in their ports, was confiscated, and its crew thrown into dungeons, whence they never returned. Now, the ports of both Americas, spread for four thousand miles along the coast, are open to every nation. The English and the North Americans avail themselves most of this hospitality, enjoying thence the advantages of an extensive commerce, and spreading, in return, arts, intellect and social knowledge. Formerly, an American could arrive at no power; every place of honour, profit, or confidence was sold by auction at Madrid; now, every course is open, and places and promotion are given to those who make the ablest efforts to show their title to the confidence of their fellow-citizens. Formerly, no university, no public schools were allowed! no book could be admitted without the preliminary sanction of the Inquisition; and it is not five years since a father was excommunicated at Chili, for having taught his daughter French! Now, all kinds of studies are encouraged; the press is free; every state and province rivals another, in the establishment of new schools. Formerly, the cultivation of the vine and the olive were forbidden, and the manufacture of every article of merchandize which Spain could supply; now, every kind of industry and commerce is protected; the revenues are doubled and quadrupled every year. Formerly, bull-baitings and the refinements of cruelty were encouraged by the governors, and indulged in all the principal towns, to an extent un-

precedented, even in Spain; and in 1820, Lima still echoed with the mad exulting cries of men, women and children, at these spectacles of blood—mingled with the agonizing shrieks of bulls and horses, and the *Toreadors*: now, wherever the patriots have been triumphant, such savage and brutifying pastimes are abolished. The slavery of the Indians and negroes, accustomed them to despise their fellow-men, and to abuse the advantage which their castes and classes gave them; but now, slavery is abolished in all the republics, and mankind have become one family.

Without doubt, there remains much to be done towards maturing the organization of these new republics; for neither was it practicable nor desirable that every thing should be done at once: and it would be unjust and absurd to expect a government to arrive at perfection in the very outset—to be mature at the hour of birth. All we ought to expect is, that it is advancing, and will advance; we shall not reproach it for advancing so slowly, if this slowness be the effect of prudence, and it avoids thereby the hazard of effecting nothing, by the multiplicity of the innovations it attempts. The portion of America heretofore Spanish has no longer any obstacle, in the nature of its government, to its progression; but it still has much in the unformed character of the people. Ignorance, intolerance and ferocity, are not instantly reformed by the overthrow of the government by which they were engendered; and it is to be expected that they will long repel many of the benefits of civilization which their newly-acquired liberty offers to them. But let us not, therefore, be alarmed or discouraged. The tree is planted on a fertile soil; it must grow—it must blossom, and the fruit will eventually mature.

Such is the aggregate picture which the great tablet of the world

exhibits, of the progress of the recent eventful quarter of a century, and the present state of the struggle between the Progressive and the Retrograde systems.

But it will, perhaps, be said, that it has not been the object, and cannot have been the object, even of the *great leaders* of the retrograde system, to wage war throughout the universe with knowledge, liberty, and morality.

Perhaps it was not so. Perhaps the evil that is done is never the object, even of the most evil doer. His object is only the imagined good, which he hopes to obtain through the means of the evil deed; and the evil, or the *degree* of the evil, of the deed itself, is obscured from his perception, by the eagerness with which he seeks his end. In many instances, it is not to be doubted that the delusions of self-love, and the magnified proportions of the nearer objects of attachment and intercourse, as of the eye, shut out the perception of what is more remote, and produce a perverse partiality, even of the understanding itself: and the seeming good of what is nearest to our thoughts, appears to be the good of all. The court and his courtier's are the monarch's world; their happiness is to him the happiness of mankind; and when they increase in luxury, pomp and splendour, the nation, to his thought, is wealthy, and the people prosper: though, perhaps, the magnificence of the former has been wrung, by spoil and oppression, from the latter. Perhaps, also, some of the master-movers of the retrograde system have deceived themselves, as they have frequently deceived their simple followers, and have affirmed what ought to be true, till they believed it to be so,—that they are not enemies either to the happiness or the progress of the human race; that they are only enemies to precipitation; that they only require time to do deliberately and wisely the good they intend, that so it may be done well. But then, unfortunately, the time, even for beginning to do it,

never comes. Eternity would not suffice for the deliberation of their process. The greater part of them, however, loudly declare, that the liberty established among them is sufficient, if not too great, already. They approve of knowledge, provided it be confined to the upper classes; thus destroying emulation even among them, and refusing the exercise of reason to the people. They profess, also, their zeal for morality, and talk about religion; but always modify the one, so that those only who govern may profit by it, and the obligations of it bind only the governed: while the other is to preach resignation and submission to the people, and to impose no restrictions on their own gratifications, indulgences and aggressions.

“Speak to the people of their duties, but never of their rights,” said one of Napoleon's ministers to the compiler of a sort of a *village* newspaper. “Since you will write upon politics,” said the same minister, on another occasion, “take care how you speak of the duties of government towards the people; but insist upon the rights of the chief, and of his delegates, to the respect and obedience of his subjects.” Do not *our* ministers and scribes, nay, our ministers of religion, and the compilers, too often, of what are called religious tracts, preach the same doctrines? But the upholders of this retrograde doctrine are neither counsellors fit for the throne, nor ministers fit for the altar. Both the one and the other ought to know how to teach both kings and courtiers, aye, and the people too, that rights and duties are reciprocal; that the objects alike of government, of morality and of religion, are to advance the progress of man, to assist the progress of knowledge, and the improvement of morals—to elevate man still higher above the servile brute, and bring him nearer to perfection—to make him wiser, happier and better.

If monarchs, however, have perverted their own understandings, let us not permit them to pervert ours. Let

us use the reason we have, to combat with the sophistry of those who would misdirect us: and the knowledge and the liberty we have acquired, as the means of attaining more: and, though absolute perfection be not attainable, let us press boldly on in progress towards it; and do our best to make the quarter of a century, that is before us, more illustrative of the advance of human wisdom, virtue and liberty, than that which we have left behind: opening wider and wider, to the view of posterity, the prospect of that glorious day when Slavery shall clank no chain, when Ignorance shall darken neither realm, nor race; when Truth and Morality shall be exalted on the ruins of Fraud and Superstition; when Misery and Wretchedness shall cease to be dispensed at a despot's nod, and Tyranny shall be no more.

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE.

THE Champions had come from their fields of war,
Over the crests of the billows far,
They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board,
By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd,
The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,
And they flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted, in Runic rhyme,
Their songs of the sword and the olden time,
And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
Had breathed from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string,
They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,
And a captive girl, at the warrior's call,
Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood—in her mournful eyes
Lay the clear midnight of the southern skies,
And their drooping lids—oh! the world of woe,
The clouds of dreams, that sweet veil below!

Stately she stood—though her fragile frame
Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame,
And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd, like a crimson haze,
O'er her marble cheek, by the pine-fire's blaze;
No soft hue caught from the south-wind's breath,
But a token of fever, at strife with death!

She had been torn from her home away,
With her long locks crowned for her bridal day,
And brought to die of the burning dreams
That haunt the Exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land—
She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
Till the spirit, its blue skies had given her, woke,
And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain in its first wild flow,
Troubled its murmur, and sad and low;

But it swell'd into deeper power ere long,
As the breeze that swept over her soul grew strong.

"They bid me sing of Thee, mine own, my sunny land! of Thee!
Am I not parted from thy shores by the mournful sounding sea?
Doth not thy shadow wrap my soul?—In silence let me die,
In a voiceless dream of thy silvery founts, and thy pure deep sapphire sky!
How should thy lyre give *here* its wealth of buried sweetness forth?
Its tones, of summer's breathings born, to the wild winds of the North?

"Yet thus it shall be once, once more! my spirit shall awake,
And through the mists of death break out, my country! for thy sake!
That I may make *thee* known, with all the glory and the light,
And the beauty never more to bless thy daughter's yearning sight!
Thy woods shall whisper in my song, thy bright streams warble by,
Thy soul flow o'er my lips again—yet once, my Sicily!

"There are blue heavens—far hence, far hence! but oh! their glorious blue!
Its very night is beautiful with the hyacinth's deep hue!
It is above my own fair land, and round my laughing home,
And arching o'er the vintage hills, they hang their cloudless dome;
And making all the waves as gems, that melt along the shore,
And steeping happy hearts in joy—that now is mine no more!

"And there are haunts in that green land—oh! who may dream or tell
Of all the shaded loveliness it hides in grot and dell?
By fountains flinging rainbow spray on dark and glossy leaves,
And bowers wherein the forest-dove her nest untroubled weaves;
The myrtle dwells there, sending round the richness of its breath,
And the violets gleam, like amethysts, in the dewy moss beneath!

"And there are floating sounds that fill the skies through night and day,
Sweet sounds! the soul to hear them faints in dreams or heaven away!
They wander through the olive-woods, and o'er the shining seas,
They mingle with the orange-scents, that load the sleepy breeze;
Lute, voice, and bird are blending there; it were a bliss to die,
As dies a leaf, thy groves among, my flowery Sicily!

"I may not perish thus—farewell!—yet no, my Country! no!
Is not Love stronger than the Grave? I feel it must be so!
My fleeting spirit shall o'erpass the mountains and the main,
And in thy tender starlight rove, and through thy woods again!
Its passion deepens—it prevails!—I break my chain—I come
To dwell a viewless thing, yet bless'd, in thy sweet air, my home!"

And her pale arms dropp'd the singing lyre,
There came a mist o'er her wild-eye's fire,
And her dark rich tresses, in many a fold,
Loosed from their braids, down her bosom roll'd.

For her head sank back on the rugged wall,
—A silence fell o'er the warrior's hall!
She had pour'd out her soul with her song's last tune,
The lyre was broken, the minstrel gone!

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

To Live! to Love! to Hope! and find it vain;
To see friends failing—and that riches fly;
A youth of follies—an old age of pain;
To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die!
Then add to these (for such is mortals' lot)
To die at last—unpitied, and forgot!

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Conquest of England, by the Normans, translated from the French of A. Thierry.
3 vols. octavo.

IT is surprising how very little we have known, until within the last few years, of the actual state of the old country, and of its inhabitants, during the Saxon and the early part of the Norman period of history. From the fabulous and musty old chronicles, Rapin and others presented us with a mass of incongruous and contradictory details, from which Hume, with more taste and fancy than research, sketched a very pretty picture, upon which about as much reliance may be placed, with respect to historical truth, as upon Milton's *Paradise Lost*. It was not, indeed, until Sharon Turner wrote his *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (invaluable for its matter, defective as it is in style) that we were possessed of the fact, that, instead of a Heptarchy, England was an Octarchy under the Saxon domination. Dr Lingard—a Roman Catholic priest, if we mistake not—has thought proper more recently to go over the same ground; but, like every other popish historian, his statements are so partial, his colouring is so high, and his misrepresentations—not wilful perhaps—are so gross, that not a sentence of his work ought to be implicitly believed without corroboration from other quarters.

We have been led into these remarks by a production of great merit, which has just reached us, under the title of a "*History of the Conquest of England, by the Normans, Translated from the French of A. Thierry*," in three volumes, octavo. This may be read with great advantage as a continuation of Mr. Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*; or, more properly, it ought to be read, and compared with, Turner's *Continuation of the History of England from the time of the Norman*

conquest, as the two works will be found mutually to aid and illustrate each other.

As a Frenchman, it is perfectly natural that M. Thierry should have his partialities—that his leaning should be strongly in favour of his own countrymen. He accordingly tells us that "there are now neither Normans nor Saxons but in history;" and he adds, that, "as the latter do not make the more brilliant figure in its pages, the mass of English readers, not being conversant in national antiquities, love to deceive themselves respecting their origin, and to consider the sixty thousand men who accompanied William as the common ancestors of all who now bear the name of English." This is all a grand mistake of our author's. "Thus," he proceeds, "a London shopkeeper, or a Yorkshire farmer, will talk of his Norman ancestors, just as a Percy, a D'Arcy, a Bagot, or a Byron would do." Now we must take leave to tell M. Thierry, that, with all respect for their aristocracy, a great portion of which is unquestionably of Norman descent, the mass of our people are, and ever must remain, unless new swarms from some unknown hive should again overrun the land, essentially Saxon. Many of our first families, too, are still Saxon in their blood, their complexions, their features, and their feelings. The Normans—and all other Frenchmen—know that we, Saxons, glorying in the energy, the valour, and the fame of our forefathers, which have descended to us unimpaired, are at all times ready to contest with them the palm of superiority. We know not, indeed, why we have retained or been invested with the name of Britons. The Britons, properly so called, were an inferior race: they were conquered by the Romans—no disgrace, perhaps—and after they had enjoyed every possible opportunity of im-

proving themselves in the arts of war and civilization, through the example of their masters—after their masters had even put their country into a state of defence for them—they suffered themselves to be subjugated by the Saxons. We overthrew their government—we drove them to their mountain fastnesses—we annihilated them as a nation—we fixed ourselves in their seats, established a rule of our own, and still maintain it in its integrity. How different from all this was the vaunted Norman Conquest—the result of a single battle, gained by chance rather than by prowess—the mere transfer of the crown from one family to another, the body of the people remaining comparatively undisturbed.

Notwithstanding our differing from M. Thierry on this important point, we have the candour to acknowledge that we have been delighted with his work, which evinces great reading, great research, great talent. We earnestly recommend it to the perusal of every reader who may wish to become thoroughly acquainted with that period of history to which it more immediately relates.

Massenburg, a Tale. 3 vols. 12mo. 1825.

THERE is a considerable share of interest excited in these pages, and several scenes amusingly written. The last volume is much the best, and from it we extract the following exemplar. We must premise, the hero of it, O'Neale, has received three challenges at the same time; the first from Roderick Graham, for his impertinence to a lady; the next from Philip Massenburg, for his insolence to his father; the third from Mr Buckham, a little gentleman about four feet some inches high, whom he had placed upon a table amid other sweetmeats:—

“The moon was young, yet it shed light enough to distinguish objects by. O'Neale was leaning against a tree, with a breast full of untamed passions; Philip Massenburg was there

in indignant vehemence; Mr Roderick Graham arguing; Mr Buckham raving.

“‘Mr Philip Massenburg, I have said before, and I say it again, that to me of right belongs this quarrel. I give you my honour as a gentleman, that, previous to your altercation, Mr O'Neale had accepted my defiance,’ said Mr Roderick calmly, but determinately.

“‘I am far from calling your word in question; yet surely I must supersede you. Has he not insulted the grey hairs of my father?’

“‘And has he not outraged my very person! you are men of honour, and you ought to feel for me! If you should deprive me of the means of wiping off my pollution, I must hide my head forever from the light of day’ I must drag about a polluted being! your quarrel is doubtless just, but cannot so nearly touch your feelings.’

“‘Had it been personal insult I would have waived my claim,’ said Philip Massenburg, ‘but it was my father he insulted!’

“‘Both of you must yield to me,’ said Mr Graham; ‘for you, Mr Massenburg, surely for that father's sake, you should recede from this contest; and for Mr Buckham, let him leave his quarrel in my hands and I will settle for us both.’

“‘Never! never! Put yourself in my place, Mr Graham, and try to feel for me! Think how fatal the consequences must be to me, if you should kill him! Let mine be the first chance. If I drop, you may still receive satisfaction, and I shall be satisfied.’

“‘Really, gentlemen,’ said O'Neale, ironically, ‘this is most amiable altercation of who shall kill me first. It is a pity I have not four lives, one for each of you, and one for myself at last.’

“‘There is no occasion for this dispute,’ said Mr Roderick Graham, ‘it cannot be expected that I should forego my claim.’

“‘Mr Graham put yourself in my place!’

"'That he cannot do,' said O'Neale; 'had you been his size you had not proved quite so portable.'

"'Mr Graham, is this bearable! will you, can you, deny me satisfaction? I am eyeen athirst for his blood!'

"'Fa-fe-fi-fo-fum, little Jack-the-Giant-killer.'

"Mr Buckham stamped his little pump-shoed foot on the ground—'will you—can you, deny me!'

"'Really, gentlemen,' said O'Neale, 'you are not acting like friends to Mr Buckham; you need be under no apprehension for his safety, for you must see the improbability of my hitting any thing so small.'

"'Do you hear him! do you hear him!'

"'Pray, gentlemen, conduct this disagreement amicably, lest you should kill each other, instead of me.'

"'It is time we came to some resolution, or we may be surprised. I once again positively declare, that I cannot feel myself authorized in conceding my right to any other person; and I must beg that Mr Massenburg and Mr Buckham will act as seconds to Mr O'Neale and myself.'

"'I have yet one other proposal to make,' said Mr Massenburg. 'We may each of us defend our right with some justice; the time wears, and we cannot expect to remain long here undisturbed; let chance decide for us; let us draw lots.'

"Mr Graham was unwilling to resign a certain right for an uncertain chance; but, after some arguing, and both the other gentlemen positively declining to act as seconds, except on this arrangement, he agreed; and as Mr Buckham saw that he must either take this chance, or lose all hope, he likewise assented.

"Three little twigs were cut from a neighbouring willow, and Mr Massenburg's hat was converted into an urn of ballot; the lots were shaken. Had wealth and honour been the prize there could not have been felt greater incertitude than now, when the poor hope was to be the execu-

tioner of a fellow being, or to find a grave.

"With a trembling hand and agitated heart, each drew their chance—they compared—Mr Massenburg's was the longest.

"Mr Graham acquiesced in calm silence; Mr Buckham stamped on the ground, cursed his hard fortune, and acted the madman. It was some time before he would hear of officiating as second to either of the gentlemen, till at length it was urged upon him as a point of honour: even then he refused to act for O'Neale and as this point could not be otherwise adjusted, it was likewise decided by lot.

"Fortune seemed to be amusing herself with discomfiting Mr Buckham: he was assigned to Mr O'Neale.

"Even on such an occasion as this, when man, forgetting all the charities of life, calmly and coolly raises his hand against his fellow, even here the ludicrous crept in. What scene is there, however solemn, however sacred, in which she is absent? The violence done to Mr Buckham's feelings broke out in a variety of gestures and contortions, while with strict honour, and scrupulous care, he went through the necessary duties. The ground was measured, the pistols examined, and, as they were Mr Massenburg's property, the choice was given to O'Neale: still he lingered—what a fate is mine!

"'What do we wait for?' asked Mr Graham. 'Mr Buckham, it rests with you to drop the handkerchief.'

"'No, sir, no; not yet. There is one part of our duty still unperformed. Far be it from either you or I to hurry any gentleman into an affair of this nature, without first trying to arrange matters. Mr Graham, I am sure you will assist me in the laudable purpose of peacemaking.'

"'I cannot see,' said Mr Graham, 'how I can advance it without compromising the honour of my friend. He did not offer the affront; it proceeded from your friend, (Mr Buckham shrunk from the epithet).

If he will make the proper apology, certainly I shall feel it my duty to recommend Mr Massenburg to accept it."

"I will communicate your opinion to Mr O'Neale," returned Mr Buckham; and he approached him much as if he had been infected by the plague.

"Mr O'Neale, I am desired to represent to you, that it would be more acceptable—ha—ha—more to your honour, to admit that you have spoken hastily, than, having done so, to defend it. Will you admit that you have given utterance to a few unguarded words?"

"I am willing to repeat, to confirm, and to double them; and moreover to defend them with this pistol which I hold in my hand anxious to fire; so pray waste no more time in idle words."

"Acting conscientiously, I must recommend you to retract."

"I tell you, I will not! since we have gone so far, let us proceed. I would not accept his apology, much less make one."

Mr Buckham turned despairingly away, and communicated the result to Mr Graham. Had he been O'Neale's friend he could not more fervently have hoped for his safety; he held in his hand the fatal handkerchief, his fingers grasped it convulsively: and it was his own heart that beat the wildest, when at length he let it fall.

"There was the red glare, and then the loud report—he held his breath and looked towards O'Neale, as the smoke rolled away—he was still standing.

"I may retrieve my honour!" he exclaimed; "his blood is spared to wash away my stains!"

"The father's only son, the watched treasure of twenty long years, the present joy, and the future hope—had fallen. Mr Graham lifted the yet warm clay from the green sward, stained with his flowing blood—he spoke to him, but the spirit had fled for ever—the soul had gone to its long home.

Mr Graham relinquished the body, for he could scarcely sustain it: his spirit had received a check, and a chill passed over his soul. "This is honour!" he exclaimed. "Fallacious feeling!"

"Is there," asked O'Neale, "any hope if help could be procured?"

"There is none: and I would recommend to you, Mr O'Neale, to provide for your own safety."

"First," said Mr Buckham, "satisfy my injured honour."

"Is it possible," said Mr Graham, "that here, with this inanimate body before your eyes, you can meditate yet further violence?"

"You cannot feel for me, Mr Graham; I would sooner be like that breathless corpse than carry my own living shame!"

"I follow your advice, Mr Graham," said O'Neale, entirely disregarding Mr Buckham; "you have acted as a man, and I am sorry you are involved in this affair. Psha!" he added, repulsing the pistol Mr Buckham had reloaded and now pressed upon him. "I have already humoured you too much! Go your way, and leave me unmolested.—Man! I fight not with you. I hazard no more lives to-night. Go, poor fool! sport it with thy fellows, and thrust not thyself into danger's way."

O'Neale dashed down the lane with a heart from whence personal feeling had banished humanity; Mr Buckham followed: O'Neale soon gained the rustic bridge, he rushed across it, and dislodging the planks, sent them headlong down the stream.

"Stay! stay if you are a man!" exclaimed Mr Buckham, following, with breathless speed.

"I shall not make many more pauses on this side the channel," returned O'Neale, as he stood on the opposite side; "yet in compliment to you, who have paid so many compliments to me, I pause now to hear what you may wish to say."

"You will provoke me to fire upon you as you stand, insolent bravo that you are!"

" "Mr Buckham, I never lose my temper, unless I have lost something else before."

" "Will you give me satisfaction?"

" "Will I give you some gingerbread!"

" "Wretch! villain!"

" "Rail on. Adieu."

" "Stay! you are discovered! They are upon you."

" "Fool that I was to dally with you here!"

"They paused. Mr Buckham was as carefully silent as was O'Neale: though baffled in his hopes, and his soul boiling with indignation, not a thought of betrayal entered his heart: but their precaution was vain: O'Neale saw that if he attempted flight, ignorant as he was of the country, he must soon be overtaken: a crowd of mingled servants and labouring men encircled Mr Buckham.

" "So, so, gentlemen! Be so good as to walk this way and we will attend you. Fine work, indeed!"

" "What do you wish with us?" asked O'Neale, "What is the matter?"

" "What is the matter! and can you pretend not to know?"

" "Not I indeed."

" "Not know that young Mr Massenburg has been murdered!"

" "Mr Massenburg murdered! impossible, I hope!"

" "Come, come, gentlemen, don't pretend to be ignorant. We know that gentlemen will quarrel, and fight, sometimes; and more's the pity, say I, that they can't have a few rounds with their fists, and have done with it, instead of firing pistols at one another's heads. But it's of no use dilly-dallying, so be so good as to walk back with us."

" "Ah! I see how it is," said O'Neale. "Could any body have thought that such a little man could have had such a big heart. I will tell you, gentlemen, how we came to be standing here in this way: as I was taking a solitary walk I was startled with the report of pistols, and presently Mr Buckham came running down, as nimble as a little harlequin. Thought I, here is bad

work; this man wants to run away; so I just loosened these planks and sent them swimming, before he got up; and he was threatening to shoot me for my pains when you arrived. He's the man, depend—"

" "Lying villain!" exclaimed Mr Buckham, stamping down the grass with impotent rage.

" "You may see that he holds in his hands the pistol which has destroyed Mr Massenburg."

" "You almost provoke me to send the bullet it contains at your head!"

"The pistol was instantly dashed from his hands, and his arms pinioned behind him.

"Mr Buckham raved. "Who are you that dare thus to treat a gentleman?"

" "Gaffer Gray, at your service."

" "All the world conspires against me! I could stamp you, menial, to atoms!"

" "Not with such a mylady-foot as that: do you wish me to tie your shoestring, sir, for I see you can't stoop now."

" "Fools that you are! do you believe this preposterous tale! I tell you that man fought with Mr Massenburg, and not I."

" "Don't believe him, my good friends. I affronted him at the Hill, and he wants to revenge himself upon me, and to effect his own escape."

" "Ah, he can't deceive us. He must go along with us; and perhaps it will be necessary for you to come too as a witness."

" "Certainly. Can you tell me how I shall cross this water?"

" "If you go through the groves, and cut through leg of mutton field—do you know leg of mutton field?"

" "Oh, perfectly."

" "Well, and so on through five-acre close, you'll get to another bridge."

" "I shall be at the Hill as soon as you. Mr Buckham, I am much obliged to you for your amicable intentions, and I wish you better success another time. You must seek some other giant to kill."

“Are you such fools as to let him go?”

“Come along, my master. We’ll mind our own business.”

“Fools! Dolts! Idiots!” and amidst angry and loud vociferations, Mr Buckham was dragged away.”

So much for a specimen of the author’s talents, which is, we think, enough to warrant a very sufficient fund of entertainment for the reader.

Tales by the O’Hara Family. 3 vols.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the Hibernian character and manners have lately become popular in this country. The strong features of our western neighbours have been delineated with characteristic fidelity; and their strange superstitions, and errors in point of reasoning, have been noticed with ludicrous effect.

The present volumes comprehend three tales, of which the first—Crohoore of the Bill-Hook—is the best. It commences with a funeral, not kept (in the usual manner) with noisy mirth, but with sober and appropriate decency. It appears that many of the catholic priests have strenuously endeavoured to check the merriment attendant upon this kind of *wake*, and have in some degree succeeded in their object. As this wake is the *consequence* of a horrid murder which makes a great figure in the narrative, the early mention of it is irregular; but we merely follow the writer in this respect.

Anthony Dooling, a substantial farmer, kind-hearted and hospitable, but of a passionate and violent disposition, is seated with his family and friends near the kitchen-fire, on Christmas eve; and the sociality of the scene is enlivened by the merry dance. Every person is in good humour, except one.

“There was but one individual present, the quick and resolute glance of whose red eye, as it shot from one to another of the dancers, showed no sympathy with the happy scene. This was a young man in

the prime of life, as to years, but with little else of the charm of youth about him. An exuberance of bristling fiery red hair stared around a head of unusual size; his knobby forehead projected much, and terminated in strongly-marked sinuses, with brows of bushy thickness, of the colour of his hair; his eyes fell far into their sockets, and his cheekbones pushed out proportionably with his forehead, so that the eyes glared as from a recess; then his cheeks were pale, hollow, and retiring; his nose, of the old Milesian mould, long, broad-backed, and hooked; his jaws came unusually forward, which caused his teeth to start out from his face; and his lips, that, without much effort, never closed on those disagreeable teeth, were large, fleshy, and bloodless, the upper one wearing, in common with his chin, a red beard, just changed from the down of youth to the bristliness of manhood, and as yet unshaven. These features, all large to disproportion, conveyed, along with the unpleasantness deformity inspires, the expression of a bold and decided character; and something else besides, which was malignity or mystery, according to the observation or mood of the curious observer. Had they, together with the enormous head, been placed on the shoulders of a man of large size, they would not, perhaps, have created much extraordinary remark; but attached, in the present instance, to a trunk considerable under the height of even men of low stature, their unnatural disproportion probably heightened their unfavourable expression, and, joined to the man’s countenance and supposed temper, created, among his rustic compeers, a feeling of dislike and dread for their possessor; repelling all freedom, which, by the way, he did not seem anxious to encourage.

“Having said this young person was very short in stature, it should be added, that he was not at all deformed. Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that

told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long and of Herculean sinew ; but the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs, bespoke vigour and elasticity, rather than clumsiness, and it was known that, strange-looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, or wrestle, with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched among men of more perfect shape and more promising appearance."

This strange being is Crohoore, the hero of the tale, who soon involves himself in a quarrel with the farmer, by whom he is assaulted and knocked down. Dreading his revengeful spirit, the assembled friends are alarmed, yet without expecting the catastrophe which ensues. Early in the morning, Pierce Shea, the betrothed admirer of Alley, the farmer's daughter, returns to the house, and is filled with indescribable horror. He finds a bill-hook smeared with clotted gore, and discovers the mangled bodies of Anthony and his wife, and also of one of the servants. Rushing into the chamber of his sweetheart, he finds her bed empty, and knows not what to think of her fate. The general suspicion falls upon Crohoore, and an eager search is consequently made for the base assassin. On one occasion, Pierce comes nearly up with him, plunges into a river after him, and even owes his preservation from a watery death to the man whom he is endeavouring to bring to justice. In the progress of his search, he receives intelligence that the supposed delinquent has taken refuge in the cave of Dunmore, of which we have a picturesque description.

"This cave is regarded as the great natural wonder of the district. At the time of our narration, it was believed by the surrounding peasantry to be the residence of every description of supernatural beings; even at this day, there are shrewd notions on the point; but, at a remoter one, the conviction reigned in its glory. Here, on great occasions, did the good people hold

their revels; and it was also the chosen abode of the Leprechauns, or fairy mechanics, who, from various quarters, assembled in it (the cavern being suspected to ramify, under ground, to every point in the kingdom). for the purpose of manufacturing foot-gear for the little race to which they were appended. This could not be doubted, as many had heard the din of their hammers, and caught odd glimpses of their green sherkeens, or of their caps with red feathers in them, what time the stars grew white before the sun. It was the dwelling, too, of more horrid spirits, of whose nature there existed no clear notion, but who, in the very distant abodes of the cavern, roamed along the off brink of a little subterranean rivulet, the boundary of their dark abode, and took vast delight in exterminating any unfortunate being fool-hardy enough to cross the forbidden stream, and so encroach on their charmed domain; and this was also fully shown by the splintered human bones that (really, however) strewed the bed of the rill, Wild shrieks were often heard to pierce the darkness through the gaping mouth of the cavern; but oftener the merry fairy-laugh, and the small fairy music, tingled to the night-breeze.

"The absolute physiognomy of the place was calculated to excite superstitious notions. In the midst of a level field, a precipitate inclined plane led down to a sudden pit, across which, like a vast blind arch, the entrance yawned, about eighty feet perpendicular, and from thirty to forty wide; overhung and festooned with ivy, lichen, bramble, and a variety of wild shrubs, and tenanted by the owl, the daw, and the carrion crow, that made rustling and screaming exit into the daylight as soon as disturbed by an exploring foot: and when, all at once, you stood on the verge of the descent, and looked from the cheery day into the darkness of this gaping orifice, repelling and chilling the curiosity that it excited—giving a

promise of something to be discovered, and a threat to the discoverer,—suggesting a region to be traversed so different from our own fair familiar world, and yet nameless danger to be incurred in the progress,—your heart must have been either very callous or very bold, and imagination entirely a blank, if, at this first glance, you felt no unusual stir within you.

“After entering the mouth of the cavern, the light of your torches showed you that vast masses of rock protruded overhead, ready, at every step, to crush, and held in their places as if by miracle alone. At a short distance, two separate passages branched to the right and to the left. To explore the one, a barrier of steep rocks, made dangerous by the damp slime that covered them, should be scaled; then you would proceed along a way of considerable length, sometimes obliged, from the lowness of the heading, to stoop on hands and knees, still over slippery rocks and over deep holes, formed by the constant dripping of the roof: till at last you would suddenly enter a spacious and lofty apartment. Throughout the whole chamber, the awful frolic of nature bears comparison with art:—ranges of fluted columns, that seem the production of the chisel, only much dilapidated by time, rise almost at correct distances to the arching roof; by the way, having necessarily been formed by petrification, drop upon drop, it is astounding to think of the incalculable number of years consumed in the process. And this is the regal fairy-hall; and the peasants say, that when the myriads of crystallisations that hang about are, on a gala evening, illuminated, and when the for-ever falling drops sparkle in the fairy light, the scene becomes too dazzling for mortal vision.”

Pierce is warned not to enter the cave, as frightful stories are connected with it; but he rushes into it with an eagerness which alarms his companions; and, while they are filled with superstitious terrors, Crohoore

sallies out and makes his escape, being supposed to be protected by unearthly friends and agency.

Doran, a profligate young man, who had formerly carried off the fair Alley, but afterwards resigned all pretensions to her hand, now joins Pierce in his search, and engages for the recovery of the maiden. He even seduces his friend into an association with a gang of White Boys. Pierce is consequently apprehended, tried, and condemned; but, by the efficacy of some favourable circumstances in his conduct, and the aid of friendly but mysterious influence, he obtains his pardon; while Crohoore, being at length discovered, is arraigned for a three-fold murder. The evidence against the hero of the bill-hook is apparently strong and conclusive; and he does not even attempt to maintain his innocence. When he offers to restore Alley to her friends, the judge says to him, “Do, and Heaven give you the grace to keep that expressed resolution, during the very short space of time allotted you on this earth. The sentence of the court is, that you be taken from the place where you stand, to the place whence you came, and in one hour”—“In one hour!” exclaimed the wretch, at last completely thrown off his guard, and clasping his hands in evident terror and confusion—“In one hour, my lord judge! oh, be more merciful! I can do nothing in one short hour! I cannot keep my promise!”

“A person who leaned against the lower part of the side of the dock here turned his face half-round to observe the prisoner, and Crohoore, suddenly changing his manner, darted his body over the barrier, and, with the ferocity and certainty of a wild beast, clutched him by the breast; and—“Help, help! give help, here!” he roared. The court became a scene of confusion:—“He will murder the man!” was the universal cry.

“The judge called loudly on the sheriff to quell the tumult, and restrain the maniac violence of the

desperate culprit, ere mischief could be done : and that officer, not being himself a very athletic, courageous, or active person, ran to collect the force in attendance. Matthew, the jailer, who occupied his usual place on the barrier between the outer and inner docks, strove, with all his might, to tear away the hands of the dwarf from the breast of the person he held ; but the gripe was kept with almost superhuman force. The man himself, a powerful, athletic figure, exerted his strength to the utmost. At first he pushed with his arms against the side of the dock, and swung out from his captor ; then he was seen to snatch a pistol from his bosom, and, ere hindrance could be offered, he fired it in Crohoore's face ; but, from their struggling, the shot took no effect, glancing upward, fortunately for the spectators also, and striking near the ceiling of the court-house. Then Crohoore redoubled his efforts. Hitherto he had stood on a form, placed in the dock, to elevate him sufficiently before the eyes of the court ; from this he jumped into the body of the dock ; there, still holding firmly to his man, flung himself down, and, by the hanging weight of his body, unwittingly assisted indeed by Matthew's continued tugging, as well as by the amazing power of his own arms, actually succeeded in dragging over the wooden bar the object of his unaccountable hostility. Both rolled on the ground within the dock, and a dreadful scuffle went on between them. The man fastened his hands on Crohoore's throat, and the dwarf was nearly suffocated. Again he cried out for help ; and—'Ho ! ho !' he continued, half choking—'my lord the judge, give your orders to saze upon this man—I'll have more than an hour, now, if a friend is as loocky as I am—help, or he is gone ! he chokes me, to keep down my words !—saze him !—for this is the murderer of the Doolings !'—'Yes, sir,' exclaimed Mr. B. rushing in and addressing the sheriff, who had just re-entered

with his force ; 'here is your warrant for the apprehension of that man : as a magistrate of your county, I commit him to your charge.'—'Thanks to your honour,' said Crohoore, loosing his grasp, when he saw his antagonist secured by other hands ; 'I give your noble honour thanks from my heart ; I knew you'd be in time to stand my friend ;' and he lightly bounded to the form, upon which he had formerly stood, at the front of the dock. —'My lord,' continued Mr. B., addressing the judge, to whom he was personally known, 'accident has this morning put into my hands one of the real perpetrators of the murder with which the person at the bar stands charged, and of which he is convicted ; but, my lord, he is innocent as I am ; the man he has, himself, just seized, and whom I have now arrested, is one of the true murderers ; the other I have spoken of is secured also.'

"A burst of astonishment and incredulity escaped all the hearers, as Mr. B. passed to the bench to converse with the judge : and, while one neighbour whispered his doubts or wonder to the other, that other might be seen smartly turning his head, compressing his brow, and throwing all his wisdom into his look, as in brief speech he asserted, what he knew in his heart to be untrue, that, all along, he had expected something of the kind : and every one evinced sympathetic sentiments of surprise, caution, or assent, by upraised hands and quick shakings of the head, while the rapid comment flew around, in different directions. 'It bates bannachar,' said some, meaning to express their surprise or consternation :—'Tut—it can never be ;—look at him,' observed others who persisted in their skill in physiognomy.—'Faith, after all,' whispered the most credulous or charitable ; 'he's as ugly as sin ; but handsome is that handsome does ; let us see the rest of it ;' and then each made the most of the place in which he happened to be stuck ; and

bodies were protruded, and necks and noddles poked forward, mouths opened wide, eyes and ears distended and pricked up, and a vast quantity of idle breath held in, to see, hear, and if possible understand, the wonderful sequel, that by their own calculations was immediately to follow. And all eyes were of course now bent on the man who had been so unexpectedly taken into custody, and so suddenly accused of the dreadful crimes for which another was about to suffer. He stood, surrounded by the sheriff's power, in an ample outside coat, of which the standing collar reached above his ears, and was clasped with a hook-and-eye over the lower part of his features: a large black patch covered one of his eyes: and a black silk handkerchief, as if applied to an ailing part, extended along one side of his face; while his hat, of unusual dimensions in the leaf, and which he had hastily put on in the scuffle, slouched down so far as scarce to

leave a trace of feature visible.—‘Take off his outside coat from the prisoner,’ said the judge, pausing in his conversation with Mr. B. His commands were obeyed; and the handles of two large pistols, exclusive of that discharged at Crohoore, and which he had dropped, were seen projecting from the bosom of his inner garb.—‘Remove his hat, and the patch and handkerchief from his face,’ the judge continued: this, too, was done; and the guilt-stricken countenance of the real murderer was that of our old acquaintance, Rhia Doran.’”

It subsequently appears that Crohoore was the stolen child of the unfortunate Dooling; that he had no concern in the murder; and that he was the preserver of the life and honour of his sister Alley, who, emerging from her place of refuge, is married to her lover, while Doran is capitally punished for his wickedness and cruelty.

ON FASHIONS.

(Concluded from page 33.)

THE object of dress should be to add to nature's charms: that seems tolerably obvious, and it is not denied. It is, to add to them, for the purpose of pleasing and captivating the other sex; that, we have demonstrated. Man may not judge of the value of laces or the price of trimmings; but he does judge of their power, and by their powers they ought to be judged. Woman dresses, nevertheless, that she may show to fellow woman, the superiority of Mechlin to Buckingham; that she may measure the length of her bill or the profundity of her purse with those of her rivals. Man knows nothing of these rival superiorities—till he pays the bills at least. The young aspirant to a *settlement*, whose whole fortune perhaps consists of half a dozen *chemises*, “Love's very last shifts,” and a pianoforte, receives

a present of five hundred pounds from some foolish old uncle to buy frying-pans. But the five hundred pounds are spent on a trousseau, that they may be displayed at the milliner's for a week, and be canvassed by all the female envious, and the country cousins, and the customers. The very mantua-maker and milliner are puzzled how to carve up so much money into shreds and tatters; and the husband receives a bundle of rags with an expectant wife, sending the former to Monmouth-street, and perhaps wishing the latter there too. The five hundred pounds would have stocked his cellar with wines, or bought his darling a carriage. He would have said if he had dared, “So come in your coaty sweet Tibby Dunbar.”

But this is the fashion also. The darling sex measures all beauty by

fashion, but it has forgotten to ask what is the fashion, and who makes the fashion. If they made it themselves, it might be something. To be sure, if each fair made her own fashion, there would be no such thing, and the square and the round, the slim and the squat, the septuagenarian and "sweet seventeen," "crabbed age and youth," would not all be thrust into the same sacques, and shoes, and slips, and caps, and bonnets. Hence they must elect a dictator, we suppose; and the dictator is the milliner, the mantua-maker. A whole nation, bright with youth, and radiant with beauty, bent on conquest and death, submits to the government and legislation of a hairdresser's wife living in the Rue Vivienne, in a foreign country, or to Mrs Bell, at home, whose monthly displays of taste and grace become the unalterable laws of beauty, not to be altered, till the next month.

The human form is certainly nothing, as we began by proving; and, therefore, as all nothings are equal to nothing, and to themselves, it is indifferent that old, fat, lumbering, frowsy, nothings, and youthful, blooming, slender, delicate ones, should be equalized in their adonisations. But there are or may be varieties in suits of clothes; and as variety is itself a charm, it might add to our amusement if all these nothings were converted into many somethings instead of into one. And certainly were we to choose the dictator, it should not be the mantua-maker and the milliner, any more than we would allow the Quarterly Review to dictate to us what we were to read.

Seriously, will ladies never reflect that all ages, all forms, all rank, all beauty, are not the same, and that it is at least part of the essence of dress that it should be appropriate? The same fashion cannot suit all. And will they never reflect who it is that sets this fashion, which they all pursue as if their salvation depended on it? Some dropsical or bandy-legged old dame finds it convenient to conceal her ancles, and immediately it

becomes a matter of grace and beauty to hide, even the point of the foot, and petticoats trail to sweep the streets. When grey hairs wished to conceal themselves, a whole nation of sun-bright and auburn and jetty ringlets, ringlets where each hair was a chain to draw all hearts, chose to fill their heads with grease and flour; and high heels, pads, cushions here, there, behind, before, hoops, trains, tuckers, all have been, in rotation, adopted by those who had an interest in producing one deformity to conceal another; while, more successful than the fox in the fable, they have spread the epidemic through the sex, causing whole generations immediately to cut off their tails also. Or the mantua-maker finds it convenient to sell off her old rags, her cuttings and *cabbage*, at high prices, and immediately the whole sex is seen fluttering in trimmings and deformity, "a thing of shreds and patches."

It is a gullible sex, that is certain. And yet it is provoking that all this should be considered beauty, and beauty, too, when it is so often deformity. If there is such a thing as a handsome scapula, it would at least be prudent to inquire, at the looking-glass, whether all the cervical region, in all, is fair, lest the snow should be less pure than snow ought to be. She who conceals a graceful ankle and a slender foot, to display a bony clavicle, or a pair of hatchet-formed *omoplates*, is not so wise as the nation of foxes.

It is an ungallant conclusion, but, we fear, a true one, that the principles of taste are not diffused among the lovely sex, or not known to them. We have no objection to variations, since variation is novelty and a charm; but we shall never learn to approve of variation from beauty or deformity. If they have no taste, why will not they put themselves under the guidance of art, of the art of painting, not mantua-making? Sir Thomas Lawrence is the dictator to be chosen, not Madame Triaud. Accident, or taste, sometimes, and chief-

ly originating in France, that region of taste in petty luxury, has often conferred on the fair all the beauty which dress can give. We have lived to see them elegant, graceful, and attractive in their adornments, so that painters have transmitted them to posterity with the assurance of commanding admiration for ever. There are principles of beauty and grace, whatever the sex or the milliners may think; but they do not know them; and thus, not content with having once discovered the right, they proceed to wrong, quitting beauty to follow deformity.

And it is the want of taste, rather than a corrupted one, which makes the latest fashion always appear the most beautiful. Where there are principles of taste, no fashion can ever make that beautiful which wars against them: it will be hideous in spite of its prevalence, though it may cease, from habit, to appear so hideous. The haystack head, the pinched and armoured waist, hoops, and powder, and high-heeled shoes, have appeared beautiful in their days, but never to those who had studied the principles of beauty or of art. If, in their days of luxury and corruption, the Roman ladies rendered their head-dresses absurd by wanton variety, those of the Greeks and their dresses, generally, have descended to us as models of right, to which posterity has continued to award admiration. There is much also to admire and to follow, even in the more complicated inventions of British history, and there is no want of choice throughout the Continent, of present, as well as of past Europe.

We do not say that the female dress needs be confined to a Greek stole, or to any other given form, since variations and variety are necessary. But there are forms from which the sex can depart, without quitting them, through a range as wide as the most wanton caprices can require. And amid the endless varieties of colour, substance, ornament, there is the power of producing and reproducing change without end, and

yet without surrendering grace and beauty, and what is not less momentous, the appropriate.

If the sex knew its own interests, it would choose other leaders of fashions than those who have an interest different from theirs. And if it would agree to exterminate the very term fashion, to seek no longer to rank itself under an imaginary leader, to trust to itself, and to study for itself, it would not be long in discovering that it had, not only enhanced its charms, but saved its finances. But to give the necessary taste, it must cultivate that quality. It must inquire into what is graceful and fit, into the principles of beauty, and the laws of taste. Instead of "taking lessons," from Mr Burgess, or spending seven years in making a pair of card racks, it must learn, in reality, what it pretends to do—to draw. From the philosophy and the art of colouring, it will be taught to distribute its colours; and, from the study of the antique and of the human form, as from the study of pictures in general, it will discover where the lines of grace and beauty lie, how they may be created, or improved, or injured. It will not then destroy the beauty of its shining ringlets to frizzle them into dirty sausages, or bare the most ill-formed parts of its body to conceal the more graceful and captivating. It will discharge its whole regiments of pads, and cushions, and flounces, and Gigot sleeves, and all the other trumpery by which it contrives to mar the most beautiful work of nature's hand. We shall then see woman—dear woman! what she ought to be; the grace alike of nature and of art.

One word yet on the hair, before we part; that jewel in woman, of which she seems, so little to know the value, if we may judge by the pains which she takes to mar it. It is chiefly by its contrast of colour that it is the ornament of the face, but partly also by that contrast which its roughness offers to the polished smoothness of the brow and the cheek. To maintain these leading

principles is essential. But there is more in the disposition than either women or their advisers are aware of; and its principles lie somewhat deeper than they imagine.

By a singularity proving the great attention of ancient Greece to the human form, its artists adopted those outlines for the head, the principles of which, modern phrenology, much as it has been ridiculed, has explained and justified. But it has not been noticed that the same principles were applied to the arrangement of the hair; and yet, if this be studied in Greek art, it will be seen that every outline produced by that arrangement has a reference to the essential form of the head; of the skull itself. And the most simple experiments in

drawing will prove that whenever the hair is so arranged that its outline, or protuberance, coincides with that outline which would be estimable in the unadorned head, the effect is beautiful; and that when the reverse takes place, the result is deformity. To apply phrenology to hair-dressing, may appear fantastical and ludicrous; and yet we will trust our demonstration to the trials of any one who chooses to make them. There is nothing so easy as to make the experiments; but as we have not here the means of illustrating our theory by such drawings, we must leave them to the taste and knowledge of those who have the command of their pencils and an acquaintance with the human form.

THE CAMPEADOR'S SPECTRE HOST.

On the towers of Leon deep midnight lay;
Heavy clouds had blotted the stars away;
By fits 'twas rain, and by fits the gale
Swept through heaven like a funeral wail.

Hear ye that dismal—that distant hum?
Now the dirge of trumpet, the roll of drum,
Now the clash of cymbal; and now, again,
The sweep of the night-breeze, the rush of rain!

Hearken ye, now, 'tis more near, more loud—
Like the opening burst of the thunder-cloud;
Now sadder and softer,—like the shock
Of flood overleaping its barrier rock.

List ye not, now, on the echoing street,
The trampling of horses, the tread of feet,
And clashing of armour?—a host of might
Rushing unseen through the starless night!

St Isidro! to thy monastic gate,
Who crowding throng? who knocking wait?
The Frere from his midnight vigil there
Upstarts, and scales the turret-stair;

Then, aghast, he trembles—that knocking loud
Might awake the dead man in his shroud:
Thickens the blood in his veins through fear,
As unearthly voices smite his ear.—

“Ho! brethren, wake!—ho! dead, arise!—
Haste, gird the falchions on your thighs;
Hauberk and helm from red rust free;
And rush to battle for Spain with me!

“Hither—hither—and join our hosts,
A mighty legion of stalwart ghosts;
Cid Ruydiez is marching there, and here,
Gonzalez couches in rest his spear!

"Pelayo is here—and who despairs
When his Oaken Cross in front he bears?—
And sure ye will list to my voice once more,
'Tis I, your Cid, the Campeador!

"Ho! hither, hither—through our land, in arms,
The host of the Miramamolin swarms;
Shall our Cross before their Crescent wane?
Shall Moormen breathe in the vales of Spain?

"Ho! burst your cerements—here we wait
For thee, Ferrando, once the Great;
Knock on your gaoler Death, and he
Will withdraw the bolts, and turn the key!

"Prone to the earth their might must yield,
When we the Dead Host sweep the field;
Our vultures, to gorge upon the slain,
Shall forsake the rocks, and seek the plain.

"Ho! hurry with us away—away,—
Night passes onwards, 'twill soon be day;
Ho! sound the trumpet; haste! strike the drum,
And tell the Moormen, we come, we come!"—

The Frere into the dark gazed forth—
The sounds went forwards towards the North;
The murmur of tongues, the tramp and tread
Of a mighty army to battle led.

At midnight slumbering Leon through,
To battle field throng'd that spectral crew;
By the morrow noon, red Tolosa show'd,
That more than men had fought for God!

This slight ballad is founded on a striking passage in the Chronicle of the Cid. The idea is certainly a beautiful one, of the patriotic retaining a regard for their country after death, and a zeal for its rescue from danger and oppression. At all events, it is sufficiently imaginative and romantic.

Ferrando the Great was buried in the Royal Monastery of St Isidro at Leon. The time of the occurrence is during the reign of King Alphonso, on the evening before the great battle of the Navas de Tolosa, wherein it is reported sixty thousand of the Mahometans were slain.

Cid Ruy Diaz is a name consecrated in Spanish chivalrous song.—Pelayo is said to have carried an Oaken Cross in the van of his army, when he led them on to battle.—The Gonzalez mentioned, is the Count Fernan Gonzalez, so renowned in the ancient Spanish Chronicles, and one of the many ballads concerning whom is given in the splendid Translations of Mr Lockhart.—On St Pelayo and the Campeador, see the admirable remarks of Dr Southey, *passim*.

SONG.

On! sweet comes the zephyr's breath to-
night
From the fragrant orange grove;
And the bird of eve, on yonder tree,
Sits warbling her song of love.

The stars are dim; yet the orb of heav'n
Through the darkness saileth on;
Like the love of woman, shining best
When all other lights are gone.

The dew has fall'n on the scented flow'rs,
And the world is all at rest;
I only wait for thy presence, sweet,
To render me truly blest!

Come, then, and view this enchanting
scene,
For now is our meeting hour,
When none can list to our vows of truth
In the lonely jasmine bow'r.

PARSEE RIGOUR.*

B—and I calculated, that, by the time we could reach our own sweet little island, we should, on the long neck of land, leading to it from the ferry, meet one of our brother officers marching at the head of the relief-guard to Bombay, impenetrable as a tortoise, in his cloak, blue trowsers, and Wellington boots. Now, either laughing or quizzing was naturally to be expected by men in soiled silk stockings, and full military costume, who had omitted even to bring a boat-cloak as a wrap in case of the weather's changing. To avoid this exposure we agreed to half an hour's delay; and, in search of the sublime and curious, I led my friend toward the Parsee cemetery on the sea-shore. The Parsees neither burn nor bury the bodies of their dead, but expose them in two receptacles, one for males and the other for females, made of solid masonry, and open only at the top for the admission of birds of prey. Having deposited the corpse in one of these sepulchres, through a door at the bottom, it is left, slightly covered with a muslin cloth, to be devoured. The bones are then carefully collected, and buried in an urn, with certain ceremonies. This mode of sepulture was common, in ancient times, in some parts of Persia. It excites surprise now by its seeming barbarism; and that it should be practised by such an enlightened and humane tribe as the Parsees of Bombay, who are very justly called the Quakers of the East, is strange. Precept and example will, however, school the human mind to any thing; and, therefore, we need not wonder at strange customs, when we reflect that our own are considered surprising and ridiculous in their turn.

As we were nearing this curious Golgotha, we beheld about forty men and women, whom we recognized as forming a Parsee funeral procession. Amidst them was a corpse, which we afterwards found to be the body of a young female, on a cot, or low bed, that served for her bier. They all seemed to be her near relations; and instead of the solemn decency which I had before observed at such ceremonies, this exhibited hurry and secrecy; the hour was unusually early; the lamentations were not loud; there was no beating of the breast by the women; but, in long dresses smeared with ashes and paint, and with dishevelled hair streaming to the morning-breeze, they were uttering low groans and imprecations. Tears were flowing copiously down two of the women's cheeks; and we could hear them lament that ever they had been born, and utter wildly-suppressed rejoicings that she whom they bore along, was dead. When they arrived at the receptacle, instead of unlocking the door, and placing the body on the platform with tenderness, it was thrown with apparent detestation from the parapet, and we heard the echo of its fall with a chill of horror.

All this naturally aroused my curiosity; and through the instrumentality of Hormongee and Monagee, to the latter of whom I promised my interest respecting the canteen, by way of bribe, for divulging the secrets of his tribe, I received the following particulars, which, I have every reason to believe, are perfectly true, and in strict accordance with Parsee usage.

Limgee Dorabjee, a respectable trader in jewels, had a daughter called Yamma, whose beauty equalled

* The remarkable and melancholy facts here recorded, in illustration of the customs and morals of the Parsees, in India, are from the original manuscript of an interesting work—"Forty Years in the World, or Sketches and Tales of a Soldier's Life"—which is now on the point of publication.

the lustre of the finest diamond. She appeared, among the virgins of her tribe, as a gem of Golconda amidst beads of glass. Her parents saw in her, as in a flattering mirror, their fondest wishes. They pealed her jet black hair with many a costly transparent row; their rubies in burning glow were pendant from her delicate ears; their sapphires from her graceful nose; while many a far-famed mine glittered on her bosom, sparkled on her fingers and arms, and shed its light on her toes and ankles. Gold and silver gave splendour to her dress: in short, in the impassioned phrase of Lord Byron, and perhaps with less of poetical hyperbole—

“She was a form of life and light,
That seen became a part of sight.”

This charming young Parsee, or Peri, was about fourteen years old, an age at which the female figure attains the round perfection of beautiful ripeness in India. Indeed marriage takes place generally at a much earlier period of life; but in Yamma's case, the young man to whom she was affianced had been detained at Surat nearly two years, by important commercial affairs, in which he was deeply concerned, and the expensive ceremony, on solemnization of wedlock, had been postponed from time to time, in anxious expectation of his return.

Yamma's prospects were bright as the star of Venus. In her tribe women are treated with great consideration. They act an important part in the public and private concerns of their husbands, go unveiled, and in point of personal freedom they are under no restraint, beyond that which delicacy and the custom of their mothers impose. The Parsee usages with respect to marriage are founded upon the happiness of domestic life, and they provide for the preservation of purity in the fair sex so effectually, that it is the boast of this admirable class of the Indian community, that their wives never prove unfaithful, nor is there an in-

stance of prostitution among their daughters; indeed their character in this respect is so well established at Bombay, that it is believed every aberration from virtue in their tribe is punished with immediate death, and the notoriety of the family disgrace carefully suppressed. The Parsee laws and usages are so well framed for the prevention of crime and the adjustment of disputes, that an instance scarcely ever occurs of a reference to British justice. A Parsee can have but one wife. If she die, her family are bound to find a widow for the forlorn's second mate; for he is not allowed to marry a young girl as with us, in his old age; nor is he obliged to wed again, should he be desirous of preserving fidelity to his departed half. The same rule holds if the husband die: his family are bound to find a widower, in compliance with a wish on the subject, indicated by the lady's friends. By this judicious arrangement the frailties of human nature are restrained, and even converted into a public benefit. The Parsee women receive the advantages of education; many of them can read, write, play on the Indian guitar, make up accounts accurately; and, in some transactions I have had with them, they appeared very sensible and intelligent. All public business, however, is transacted by the men. The women do not appear in mixed company; but in influencing affairs, and in private negotiations, they are powerful instruments.

Such was the lovely Yamma, and such were the promises of hope, when it was her fate to be rescued from imminent peril by the intrepidity of Captain S—. She had accompanied her mother in a covered and gorgeously decorated hackery, to a garden-house which belonged to her father on Colabah. They staid in the garden rather longer than their attendants wished, pleased with its cooling fruits, neat walks, silver streams, and shady trees. The golden banana, glittering man-

goe, and imperial jack attracted their gaze and touch. At length their bullocks, in splendid housings, proud of the music of the silver bells which played in suspension from their necks, approached the bed of the tide, which I have before described as separating the island of Colabah from Bombay. The raft was beginning to ply in the lower part of the channel, but the carriage-road along the crest of the high rocks was practicable, though the rising tide might be seen glittering in streams across its black ravines. The drivers and runners calculated that the bullocks would cross before the tide covered the rocks, and they urged them at full speed. A strong breeze, however, came into Bombay harbour with the flow from the ocean, and before the hackery reached the shore, the ladies saw with terror that the devouring element was floating them, that their footmen were swimming and in great agitation, striving to keep the bullocks' heads towards the land. Alarm soon finds utterance. The mother and daughter mingled their cries, and wept, in pity more for each other than for themselves; but their agony was drowned by the roar of the flood, and the crowd at the ferry were too much absorbed in their own views, and too distant had it been otherwise, to afford them aid.

At this awful moment Captain S—— was galloping from the fort; and, hoping that he should be in time to cross the rocks, he made directly for the course of the hackery, saw the life-struggle of the men, heard the piercing cry for help by the women, and plunged in to their assistance. His horse was a strong, docile Arab, and Captain S——, being exceedingly fond of field sports, had accustomed him to swim rivers, and even the lower part of this ferry, though a quarter of a mile wide. The horse, therefore, swam as directed to the hackery, and Captain S—— having perfect confidence in his strength and steadiness, placed the daughter, who was as light as a

fairy, before him, and with the mother clinging behind, gained the shore in safety, while the hackery and the bullocks were swept away by the force of the tide. The terror of the animals preventing their effectual struggle, destroyed them; for, a moment after the perilous escape of the ladies, the hackery was upset, and the bullocks were drowned.

Many battles and dangers require a longer time in description than in action. It was just so in this case. Short, however, as the time had been, a crowd was gathering, and not only the ladies, but all tongues were loud in thanking Captain S—— for his gallant conduct. Meanwhile, he gazed on Yamma with wonder, and she on him with grateful surprise. Many of the Parsees have fair complexions, and Yamma's was transparently so: indeed she looked, though pale with fright, and dripping with brine, so much like Venus rising from ocean's bed, that S—— pronounced her in his own mind the loveliest of creation. He galloped to the fort, procured palankeens, and saw the fair Parsees conveyed home in safety.

I wish for Captain S——'s sake—I wish for the sake of a happy termination to my story—that his acquaintance with Yamma had here terminated; but I am impelled, by the laws of history, and the nature of my information, to proceed, not with the wing of fancy, but with the plume of plain matter-of-fact. In short, then, Captain S—— used every means in his power to win the love of Yamma. He corresponded with her through the medium of fakiers, or religious mendicants, and fortune-tellers. He loved her to distraction; he offered to marry her; for S—— had a soul too noble to ruin the object of his adoration. She listened to the magic of his addresses; she forgot all the customs of her tribe; she afforded her lover opportunities of seeing her: he visited her in the disguise of a Hindoo astrologer, and she agreed to leave father and mother and follow

him for life. Unfortunately they were discovered, and so promptly followed by three stout and well-armed Parsees, that S—— was nearly killed in an unequal contest to preserve his prize; and poor Yamma was returned to her enraged and disgraced family.

The reader may conceive her terror and confusion—how she protested her purity and innocence—how she was disbelieved and upbraided—how S—— stormed and raved—how he offered her family every reparation that an honourable man could make, and how they spurned his terms with contempt and indignation.

He cannot, however, so easily picture what followed; for he may not have believed or known that such scenes occur in the world. Well, I must briefly describe it—No—I cannot dwell upon it—I will hurry over it, merely sketching the outline, and turning with horror even from my own faint colours.

The heads of the tribe were assembled, and an oath of secrecy having been taken, the fair Yamma was introduced arrayed as a bride, and decorated as the daughter of the rich jeweller, Limgee Dorabjee. After certain ceremonies, her mother and grand-mother approached

her, where she sat like a beautiful statue, and presenting a poisoned bowl and a dagger, said, in a firm tone—"Take your choice." "Farewell, mother! Farewell, father! Farewell, world!" replied the heroic Parsee daughter, taking the deadly cup; "fate ordained that this should be Yamma's marriage"—and she drained its contents! Her leaden eyes were watched till they closed in death: she was then stripped, arrayed as a corpse, and conveyed to the receptacle of the dead, as I have described.

When S—— heard that Yamma was gone, and suspected that she had been murdered according to the customs of the Parsees, the noble fabric of his brain gave way, and reason fell from her throne. "My horse! my horse!" cried he—and as he patted his war neck, the sciss saw the fire of his tear-starred eye and trembled. Away went horse and rider—far behind ran the groom. He heard the hoof thunder on the ground—and his master's voice urging his spirited steed towards the foaming surf—then a loud explosion as of breaking billows—and on gaining the sea-shore he saw a black point on the stormy surface of the ocean, but he never saw the brave S—— and his Arab more.

RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF A SOUTH-AMERICAN SEAMAN,
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO ———

See Vol. III. N. S. Page 272.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER a long voyage, of about 42 days from England, we are at last arrived safe on the shores of South-America, I shall now have an opportunity of contemplating this Land of Promise, of Patriotism, of Liberty, and of Slavery. I have not yet had an opportunity of setting my foot on shore, as all hands are busy mooring the frigate, &c., but I shall take the opportunity of the first

Roads of Pernambuco, Sept. 1821.

boat that leaves the ship; and if I catch any thing of the spirit of patriotism, by breathing the pure air of this atmosphere of liberty, I shall let you know of course. The town is still in the possession of the Portuguese, and I have seen nothing of the patriots as yet, except two or three of their horsemen, who came on board as soon as we anchored, to see whether we were going to be

patriots or royalists; but as the Captain told them that we belonged to neither party, but that we were come out solely for the protection of the English, and the interests of the British trade, they went away without giving any further annoyance. Their camp lay at some distance, among the woods; and their dusty regimentals, their foul linen, and dirty boots, seemed to indicate that they had either ridden a good way, or been employed on very active service. Although they were rather shabbily dressed, their appearance was not the less interesting, for their dark and dusky countenances bore the marks of much fatigue and night-watching. Their heavy horsemen's sabres dangling by their sides, their boots and rusty spurs bespattered with mud, bespoke characters much more accustomed to the camp than the court; they had, nevertheless, the manners and the address of gentlemen, and all the ease and politeness in their carriage which we expect to meet in military officers; and the general impression left on my mind, by this first specimen of the South-American patriots, is, that, so far from being effeminate, they are as hardy as Scotch Highlanders—inured to fatigue, and determined to brave every hardship, and sacrifice every comfort—to fast—to sleep in the woods—and to pass long nights without sleep, in watching and weariness—to sacrifice home, happiness, and life itself, in defence of their country's liberty.

In the appearance of the town of Pernambuco itself I am much disappointed. It does not seem longer than Dumfries, or perhaps Greenock, to look at it from the sea. How different the appearance of a South-American town from those we see in Scotland or England! I have passed about two hours on the taffrail of the frigate, looking at it through a perspective glass. There is one advantage it has for being *seen*, and I suppose it must be the case with all the cities in a tropical climate—

scarcely one curling wreath of smoke obscures a single building. I fancy the inhabitants use no fires, or at least very few. But here are no streets like Prince's Street, with elegant buildings of bright brown free-stone. Here are no beautiful roofs of blue slate,—no white-washed walls shining in the sun,—no casements of glittering glass, nor green Venetian blinds. The white walls of Funchal, in the island of Madeira, seen in the dusk of the evening, were so bright and dazzling, that they seemed like large masses of chalk-rock, something like the white cliffs of Dover, scattered on the base of the mountain; and when the morning sun broke upon them, what appeared to be white rocks seen through the twilight's darkness, we discovered to be irregular rows of beautiful white walls, rising terrace above terrace, forming a fantastic amphitheatre of streets, and churches, and vineyards, all intermingled. But the town of Pernambuco, seen from the sea, even from the most favourable point of view, presents nothing but a dead mass of heavy-looking buildings, irregular rows of dirty walls, wooden windows without glass, and dingy church spires rising above the dusty roofs of red tile. And so low does the town lie on the edge of the sea, that a stranger would almost fancy a high spring-tide would overwhelm it. A very heavy tide does sometimes set in, and there is always a heavy swell, but the waves are broken before they reach the wharves, by one of the finest natural reef of rocks that can be imagined. This reef extends like a dike along the front of the town. There is a lighthouse built on the northern extremity, and between the reef and the wharf there is sufficient water for the merchants' ships to lie and load and discharge their cargoes with perfect safety. The entrance into this natural port of security is too narrow, and it is guarded by a small fort, raised on the shore opposite the lighthouse. All men-of-war lie outside the reef; the water

is too shallow for them inside ; and though even outside the reef their cannon might be brought within range of the town, yet, on account of sand-banks, it is dangerous for them to come so near. The safest anchorage for men-of-war is about three miles outside the reef. This makes it very fatiguing for boats' crews from a northern climate to pull so far under the rays of a tropical sun. It is easy to sail on shore for provisions in the cool of the morning, but there is no possibility of sailing back again ; and there is scarcely a harder duty can devolve on a seaman, in time of peace, than being obliged to pull against such a heavy swell, in bringing off either water or provisions to the men-of-war anchorage. One of our boats has been on shore for the first time, and the crew are so fatigued, that some of them have been obliged to go on the sick list, struck, as the surgeon supposes, with a "coup de soleil."

The only curiosity that I have yet seen here is the *katymarands*, which the people around this part of the coast use instead of boats, not only in fishing, but also in carrying considerable cargoes from one place to another. There are some dozen of them always to be seen around the roads, and very often with only one man to manage them. One of them just came alongside a few minutes since, and I had the opportunity of seeing it. It is not like our English boats, in danger of sinking, or springing a leak, for the principal part of the machine is always under water ; there is also little danger of its being upset, for, with the exception of the mast, it matters very little what side of it be uppermost. It is composed of five or six pieces of wood, each of them perhaps five or six inches square, about the length of an ordinary boat, and fastened together, by some contrivance, like a raft. So far as I have yet seen, they use neither oar nor paddle, but they have got a sort of helm and rudder, and one mast, to which they

attach a sort of triangular sail, which they shift, and move by the wind in whatever direction it chances to blow. Between this sail and the stern there is a sort of seat erected, sufficiently high for sitting above the water and managing the helm, for there is no chance of setting down one's foot any where on the bottom without being up to the mid-leg in salt water. In this simple machine one or two black fellows go a fishing, and they manage it in a rough sea, apparently with more ease than a regular English boat's crew can manage their boat. They are not afraid to trust themselves to it in the stormiest weather, for though it may upset with them, it will never sink. It may plunge them into the sea, but then they are like water-dogs, they swim and catch hold of it again, and it is as good as ever. One of them presents a very strange and alarming appearance at sea in the time of a storm, for you can see nothing amidst the dashing of the waves except the mast and the white triangular sail, and the upper part of the man's body who is managing it. If we were to suppose it was a regular-built boat, we could not expect it to live three minutes ; but when we know it to be a raft, firmly bound together, we know that all the danger the fellow is in is merely of a good ducking, and he is always prepared for this when he sets out. It is very pleasant to look at them in a fresh breeze, they sail so easily and so beautifully. The black fellow, seated on his chair behind, rides away over the billows with the helm in his hand, managing it with as much apparent ease, his single self, as a practised rider on a smooth plain could manage his pony : and after he has spent the day in fishing, he returns at eve, with his spoils hanging at the mast, seated high above the water on his chair of state, drying his wet clothes in the tropical sun.

I have also been rather disappointed at my first view of the South-American continent. The country in the neighbourhood of Pernam-

búco lies remarkably low ; and though there is a slight elevation in the north towards Olinda, there are no mountains of any consequence. As far as the eye can reach in the direction of the country, the horizon is bounded by wood ; and the gloomy waving of the trees, overshadowed by dark clouds in a rainy evening, makes the landscape to me remarkably dreary. However, the phantoms of gloom with which my pensive imagination peoples these pathless forests, may perhaps be dispelled upon a more intimate acquaintance with the nature of their inhabitants. The coast, on our approach, was shrouded in a thick fog, and we have since had some heavy tropical showers, accompanied with thunder ; and when I look on the sombre aspect of those dark forests, to whose extent my fancy can fix no limits, they awaken in my mind all the gloomy associations connected with the pine-tree forests of Scotland, my dear, but far distant country, when, dark and dripping with wet, in a stormy day towards the end of Autumn or the beginning of Winter. You see my natural associations are all from the hills of my youth : yet I cannot help contrasting the low and melancholy aspect of the landscape before me, with the bold and cheerful landscapes of the green Island of Madeira, and the stupendous Peak of Teneriffe. In Madeira, there were mountains, and glens, and peaks,—vineyards, and orchards, and woods, and waterfalls,

and every variety of grandeur and beauty that the traveller's eye could wish to rest upon, when sick of the unvarying uniformity of the blue sea. In Teneriffe, the scenery was not beautiful, but the hill-sides, though brown, and apparently as bleak and barren as the corn-fields of Scotland after the harvest is gathered into the barn-yards, were rich with terraces covered with vineyards ; and though there were very few green leaves, yet the brown sand was richly shaded with creeping tendrils bending beneath the bunches of bushy grapes ; and far above the vineyards, the higher parts of the island were covered with mists and clouds ; and far above the mists and the clouds arose the stupendous Peak, like one of the grey-cairned mountains of Scotland, severed from the lower world, and flung up to Heaven, to find its resting-place on the white clouds of the middle sky. After looking on scenery such as this, I feel much disappointed at my first view of the South-American coast, it lies so low here, and there is so little to be seen. The Portuguese, on first discovering this place, called it "*Olinda*," the exclamation in their language for "O beautiful !" I must get into better humour with it before I pay it any such compliment. The gloomy aspect of the scenery has thrown me into the blue devils. I shall go on shore and get rid of them, and if I see any thing worth my notice, I will tell you in my next letter.—Adieu.

ON THE VARIOUS USES OF CUFFS AND BLOWS AMONG DIFFERENT NATIONS.

IN Otaheite, says Mr Bougainville, the surgeon, when he wishes to bleed a patient, comes with a sharp edged cudgel, strikes him gently over the head, and when a sufficient quantity of blood has escaped, binds up the wounds, washes them with spring water the following morning, and the patient is generally recovered ; pro-

bably because the whole operation is performed so near *the seat of the soul*.

In the Phillippine Islands, they have a certain remedy for the colic and head-ache. After thrashing the patient lustily, they wash the wounds with salt water, and then phlebotomize.

Many nations recover strangled and intoxicated persons by the application of hard blows on the soles of the feet, and certain fleshy parts of the body.

When any one has a bone sticking in his throat, or an ulcer in his lungs, or his mouth stretched wide open, it has been discovered that nature requires nothing more than a violent blow upon the back, or behind the ear of the sufferer, to cure her of her freak.

It is well known that hard blows are the most efficacious remedy in every stage of insanity; through them the soul is awakened, and the energies of the mind stimulated to healthy action. With fools and blockheads it is another matter; as Solomon says, "You may pummel them in a mortar, and they will still remain entire."

So much for the cudgel, regarded as *materia medica*. In the moral world its utility, in conjunction with the ferula and the birch, is too palpable to be overlooked. In our schools, especially, it has been said, that knowledge and good manners are introduced like a certain medicinal remedy, *a posteriori*; and the following sublime effusion of some poet, whose view had been opened *de la maniere pedagogique*, is quoted as proof of the assertion. It was on the occasion of drinking a glass of Birch Champagne:

"Oh Birch! thou cruel, bloody tree,
I'll be at last reveng'd of thee;
Oft hast thou drunk the blood of mine,
Now for an equal draught of thine!"

It is well known how much the scourge has contributed to the extinction of the brutifying passions of our nature among Baal's priests, the Bonzes, Flagellants, and Securists.

Many lawgivers, and among others Lycurgus himself, suffered the youth of both sexes to belabour each other with their fists, in order thereby to make, not only the body, but the mind also, more supple. To box and to think were the same thing amongst that people.

Among the troops of all ages and nations, the cudgel has invariably

proved the most effectual promoter of order and discipline. The Greek and German Alexanders first conquered the soldier with the stick, and the soldiers, under its shadow, subdued the world. The Romans cudgelled with a vine stick. To receive a vine stick, and to be made captain were synonymous terms. While the private enjoyed the dry, hard wood, the officer drank the juice of its grape, and by their mutual co-operation and exertions, Rome obtained the mastery of the world. Our present system is pretty similar. What would be the use of the Marshall's staff if it were not a cudgel?

In Japan they cudgelled their idols when any thing befel the high priest, and it was found to be of service.

"Thrash thy wife and thy corn thoroughly," says Sancho, "and all will go well."

The ancient Egyptians painted Osiris with a cudgel and a whip in his hand upon the same conviction, and every body knows, that in Greece the arts and sciences flourished under the brandished cudgel.

Montesquieu relates in his "Esprit des Lois," that among the ancient Persians it was the custom to punish with stripes, not the offenders themselves, but their clothes! and that many had so taken the disgrace to heart as to put a period to their existence. In Europe a different custom prevails: they cudgel the clothes, but take especial care to select an opportunity while the owner is in them. In the military service, indeed they go to the other extremities, to the very opposite of the Persian custom; namely, they strip the offender and flog him, while his clothes are lying at a distance. And yet the Persians effected more with their system than we do with ours. To men, in general, those punishments are not so severe which consist of both pain and disgrace, as those which consist of disgrace only. The reason is easily to be found. The infliction of pain gives punishment the appearance of revenge, and revenge gives the offender an air of

importance. Besides, pain awakens pity, and the pity of the spectators is always encouraging to the criminal. When disgrace alone is the punishment, there is nothing of all this. Disgrace is, in the hands of justice, what silent contempt of an opponent is in common life.

The Romans considered blows with a stick or cane so degrading, that when Cicero, on the occasion of Gabinius, said, "A Roman citizen was stricken with rods;" the people wept. Boxes on the ear stood not at so high a price. The laws of the Twelve Tables punished them merely with a fine, and that too of very small amount. Taking advantage of this, a rich citizen of Rome used to amuse himself by walking along the streets, and giving every person he met a box on the ear, then instantly paying the fine for each offence. Thus we see that Rome was not without her geniuses.

Chilpericus, it is said, was murdered for striking his wife with a stick, and Amalaricus lost his kingdom and his life for the same reason. The wife of the latter, was a sister of Childebert, King of France.

Not a very long time ago, a German officer in Genoa, gave a porter a blow with a stick; a general up-

roar was the consequence, and all the foreign troops were thrust out of the city by the populace.

Charlemagne had in his code of laws a certain tariff of blows and cuffs, with their respective fines annexed. One item is something to this effect—"Whoever shall strike a piece of a priest's skull off, of such a size that when a shield of metal is struck with it, the sound can be heard three paces off, he shall pay a fine of five stivers."

The manumitting cuff was, as with us, the dismissal for the handicraftsman, and a blow of honour hurt as little as the blows which make our knights.

The avenging cuff has always been in great repute among us, although its value is regulated by the patrician or plebeian quality of the ear it lights upon. They may be quoted from Zero to the loss of life.

It is somewhere stated, that an old English law distinguishes whether the cuff be given with the positive or negative side of the hand. Those applied with the back are not so degrading, or so dear, probably, because those given with the flat side of the hand are generally dealt with "malice aforethought," and with infinitely better aim and effect.

ASTROLOGY.

"O, how fortunate would it have been for the church of God, and how many mischiefs would have been prevented, had the aspects and qualities of the heavenly bodies been predicted by learned men, and been known to the princes and prelates of those times! There would not then have been so great a slaughter of Christians, nor would so many wretched souls have been sent to hell!"—*Roger Bacon's Opus Majus*, page 253.

THUS exclaims the immortal Roger Bacon; and a stronger proof of the unlimited faith, which in the early ages was put in astrology, cannot be adduced. Free as we are from the shackles of prejudice, it appears almost impossible to conceive, that any human being could be found so credulous, as to believe, that among the stars of heaven were visibly written the uncontrollable destinies of mankind; and therefore

we have usually been accustomed to consider astrology, rather as a superstition of the vulgar, than as a general matter of belief. The words we have just quoted prove directly the reverse; for Bacon was perhaps the most learned philosopher of his age; and, besides, we have historical authority for affirming, that at the same time it received an equally implicit credence in the palace and in the cottage. At the birth of a prince,

or a grandee, the most learned men in the nation were employed in casting his nativity ; and instances even occur of a whole people being elated with joy, and plunged into grief, according to the results which the astrologers predicted from a calculation of their horoscopes.

When we bestow, however, more mature consideration on this subject, astrology will be found a much more natural and pardonable error than at first sight it appears. The human mind, if properly trained, is capable of yielding its belief almost to any thing, but that more especially, if, by it, we propose to compass any end we may have in view. Now, we have implanted in our nature an instinctive desire to pry into futurity ; and any project which promises to gratify this passion, is sure to arrest the attention, and subsequently to gain the willing belief of mankind. Conscious that we of ourselves possess no power adequate to draw aside the veil which divides futurity from the present, when any one exclaims that he is able to pass this mysterious boundary, we are much more ready to listen to the tale of wonders he unfolds, than to extinguish our hopes of gratification, by questioning the probability of his story. If we should appear to have overrated the intensity of this principle of our nature, and the force with which it acts, we have only to appeal to the auguries of the Romans, by which were decided, from the appearance of the entrails of an animal, questions on which often their very existence as a people ultimately depended. If human reason could confide in the grossness of a superstition such as this, who will not believe that it flowed from a principle of our nature, to repose belief in a study which led to the same results, but dignified with the imposing decorations of science, and raised above the comprehension of men, by a gibberish mysterious and unintelligible ? History records many instances of perverted reason, much more difficult to reconcile with our nature than

this, and that too without departing from the annals of philosophical research. Did not a philosopher of old suppose the universe to be encompassed with an immense zone of fire, enclosed in a sort of tube, of which the sun is a portion visible to us, through an aperture like the hole of a flute, and which hole, by being stopped, produces an eclipse ? Did not even the renowned Kepler maintain comets to be huge animals swimming round the sun, like fishes, by the help of fins, and that the air engendered them by an animal faculty ? Every reader is capable of finishing this catalogue from his own experience ; but if we were disposed to show from one individual instance, that the speculations of astrology are even as science itself, when compared with other vagaries of human reason, we would only place the studies of astrologers, side by side with the atrocities which mark the times when witchcraft was believed as firmly as revelation.

The invention of astrology is generally ascribed to the Chaldeans, though many, among whom is La Place, derive it from the Egyptian priesthood. It is on all hands conceded, however, that it is of eastern origin, and it is equally certain that in those unclouded climes, which gave birth to astronomy, it made an integral part of that sublime science. We are told, that when the early astronomers were intent on tracing the paths and periods of the heavenly bodies, they discovered "constant and settled relations of analogy" between them and things below ; and hence were led to conclude these to be the *parcæ*,—the destinies so much talked of, which preside at our birth, and dispose of our future state. "The laws therefore of this relation being ascertained by a series of observations, and the share each planet has therein ; by knowing the precise time of any person's nativity, they were enabled, from their knowledge in astronomy, to erect a scheme, or horoscope, of the situation of the planets at this point of time ; and hence, by

considering their degrees of power and influence, and how each was either strengthened or tempered by some other, to compute what must be the result thereof." Such were the arguments (if arguments they may be called) on which astrologers founded their science, and they were found sufficiently powerful to bow the neck of human reason.

In Europe, France appears always to have been the strong hold of astrology, and a sketch of its condition in that country, is quite sufficient to show in what light it was viewed at the same period over all the rest of Europe. Whether it was that the genius of the people was such as to incline them to yield a more implicit confidence in its predictions, or that the physicians, with whom principally lay the study of astrology in those days, were more learned, and better fitted to give it an air of demonstration, by coupling it with scientific observations, is uncertain; but the fact is indubitable, that it was fostered by the French monarchs with equal care as physic, astronomy, and the other useful sciences.

The French historians tell us, that in the time of Catharine de Medicis, astrology was so much in vogue that the most inconsiderable thing was not to be done without consulting the stars; and during the reigns of Henry III. and IV. of France, the predictions of astrologers were the common theme of court conversation. Charles the Wise, however, was the greatest and most munificent patron of the study. He caused all the books which had any relation to

it to be collected and translated; and moreover, founded a college for the study of physic and astrology, in favour of Gervase Chretien, a great adept in these sciences. As a proof how deep into the heart of this monarch a conviction of the truth of astrology had sunk, his last moments were embittered by a prediction, that the dauphin "would have much to do in his youth, and would escape great dangers and adventures." The great novelist of the north has not let this trait of French history escape his observation, and in Quentin Durward has shown us, that a belief in astrology may work as powerfully on the human intellect as devotion itself.

The decline of astrology may, perhaps, be dated from the time that the Ptolemean system, with which it was interwoven, began to be exploded. The eyes of men were then opened to the fact, that astrologers, in their *infallible* predictions, had been proceeding on a very *fallible* basis; and probably also, the same impetus which overthrew the Aristotelian philosophy, may have spent some part of its force in overturning the ruins of astrology. At all events, from that period it ceases to attract our attention in history, and, as a system, may be said to be thereafter virtually no more; yet that same spirit, which originally gave it birth, has succeeded in cherishing to this day some of its embers; for at this moment there are many in the lower ranks whose faith in such matters is not thrown into the shade, even by that of Charles the Wise himself.

VARIETIES.

ANTIQUITIES.

AS some workmen were employed in making a drain in Fossgate in York, they found at various distances, below the surface of the street, three several pavements, which appear to have been formed at different periods, when the street

has been raised over a swampy ground, which bears indications of having formerly been the bed of the river. Amongst the rubbish below these pavements, were several pieces of decayed wood, which had evidently been the side planks of a ship or other vessel. The wood being so

excessively decayed, prevented a sufficiently minute inspection, for the satisfaction of the antiquary. One circumstance, however, connected with these discoveries, will be considered remarkably curious: Solomon has said, "there is nothing new under the sun," but we have reason to believe the honest son of Crispin, who introduced rights and lefts into the "gentle craft," thought his invention an exception. This, nevertheless, is now proved not to be the case; for a number of clippings of leather were turned up, and amongst them several soles of shoes, made in this manner, were found at the distance of twelve feet from the present surface of the street. Upon minute examination, they proved to be formed of untanned hides, and the holes through which the thread passed are at the very extremity of the edge of the sole. The thread is entirely destroyed, and from the fact that nothing likely to have been the upper parts was discovered, it is probable that they had been made of a more corruptible material. Some of the soles were of a very large size.

CURIOUS WHEEL-LOCK MUSKET.

The following description of a curious musket, is taken from Dr Clarke's Travels in Scandinavia. After describing the apartment of a student of Upsala, (which served him for kitchen, chamber, and hall, and in which he had collected a great number of specimens of natural history and antiquities), the learned writer says:—

"But the most singular rarity of his apartment was an old wheel-lock musket which stood in one corner of the room, and which he told us one of his ancestors had formerly brought into Sweden from Pomerania. It was probably a part of the spoils of war: and as it seemed to us to be one of the most extraordinary works of art existing, and he wished to part with it, we bought it of him for the price at which he valued it. Once it must have cost an enormous sum; being, in all respects, fitted not mere-

ly to adorn, but to cut a splendid figure among the weapons of a regal armoury. To give a complete account of this curious relique, would require an entire volume, illustrated with an hundred plates. The whole of the stock, from the lower extremity of the butt to the muzzle of the barrel, is of ivory inlaid with ebony; representing, in a series of masterly designs, the Bible History, from the Creation to the time of David. The style of these designs is like that which may be often observed in old illuminated manuscripts, and in the wood-cuts copied from such illuminations; which seem as if they had been all borrowed from the works of the same master. Beginning from the muzzle of the musket, and proceeding from left to right towards the butt, and back again, the whole length of the opposite side of the stock, there are nearly one hundred pictures exhibited by means of exquisitely inlaid ivory. The first delineation represents the Animal Creation; then follows the Creation and Fall of Man; the Expulsion of the Human Race from Paradise; their Agricultural Labours; the Death of Abel; the History of Noah; the Deluge; &c. &c.—the whole being considered, in all probability, as a connected series of powerful amulets, calculated to protect the bearer of this musket from all dangers 'ghostly and bodily.' In the representation of the creation of mankind, the Deity is portrayed in the dress of the Pope, handing Eve out of Adam's side: yet there are parts of the workmanship equal to the performances of *Albert Durer*, and which exhibit characteristic marks of the age in which he lived."

NEW LIGHTS.

The interior of the theatre La Fenice, at Venice, is now lighted up by means of a new process, invented by the mechanician Locatelli. It appears, from the description given of it by an Italian Journal, that lamps concealed in the roof, and fitted up with parabolic reflectors,

throw all their rays of light upon an opening one foot in diameter, in the centre of the ceiling. This opening is furnished with an ingenious system of lenses, which concentrate the rays, and reflect them to every part of the house. This mode of lighting presents several advantages; the light is more vivid and more generally diffused; nothing intervenes between the stage and the spectators, occupying an elevated situation in front; the lamps may be approached to be trimmed without the public perceiving it, and there is neither smoke nor smell proceeding from the burning of oil. An idea of this method may be formed, by representing to one's self a luminous disc or the sun at its zenith.

ANECDOTE.

Acerbi has mentioned a Swedish *bon-mot*, upon the occasion of Count Fleming's being introduced as the new member of the *Academy of Eighteen*; which will show the natural sprightliness and wit of the Swedes, notwithstanding the character of gravity often imputed to them. When the Count took his seat among the Academicians, a wag observed that their number now amounted exactly to 170. "How so?" it was asked. "Because," replied he, "when a cypher is added to the number seventeen, the amount is 170."

THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

Mr Anker, of Christiana, in Sweden, in looking over some old deeds and records belonging to the Danish Crown at Copenhagen, found that these islands were consigned to England in lieu of a dowry for a Danish Princess married to one of our English Kings, upon condition, that these islands should be restored to Denmark whenever the debt, for which they were pledged, should be discharged. Therefore, as the price of land, and value of money, have undergone such considerable alteration since this happened, it is in the power of Denmark, for a very small sum, to claim possession of the Orkneys.

RAPID EVAPORATION.

Professor CErsted has pointed out a method of considerable utility in the evaporation of liquids. He fastens together a great number of fine metallic rods, or wire, and puts them in the bottom of the distillery or evaporating vessel, and by this means he distils seven measures of brandy with the same fuel, which, without the rods, would distil only four.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

At Northwich, in the county of Cheshire, a whimsical privilege is ascribed, by the charter of that church, to the senior scholar of the grammar school: namely, that he is to receive marriage fees to the same amount as the clerk; or, in lieu thereof, the bride's garters.

SPORTING.

A man of the name of Robinson, who resides in the neighbourhood of West Auckland, in the 82d year of his age, undertook a few days ago to walk into Wales, a distance of two hundred and thirty miles, which he completed in five days, being at the rate of forty-six miles a-day.

A match for 1000 sovs. between Captain Desence, of Holdbrook, near Northampton, and Brook, was run on Saturday June 11, in the park of Major Hervey, at Stourton-le-Moor, Nottinghamshire, and the race attracted many hundred spectators. It was thirty miles, and the captain was to receive twelve minutes at the end of the match, which was done as follows, over a circle of five miles:—

CAPT. D.	M. S.	BROOK	M. S.
5 miles - -	30 2	5 miles - -	28 24
Do. - - -	31 10	Do. - - -	30 0
Do. - - -	31 12	Do. - - -	30 10
Do. - - -	32 4	Do. - - -	31 20
Do. - - -	24 8	Do. - - -	32 10
Do. - - -	38 4	Do. - - -	34 6
H 3 16 40		H 3 6 10	

The Captain won by ninety seconds, and it was, perhaps, the fastest and best race ever known. The ground was rather short of five miles.